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### A YEAR AGO.

BY H. M. B.

Why has it died so soon, our happy love?
We fell a dreaming 'midst the spring's first flowers,
'Midst note of throstle, and of nestling dove,
And all the freshness of young April bowers.

'Twas but a year agone, but one brief year,
With storms of March the violet is wet,
And 'neath out feet the brown leaves rustle sear,
Which budded o'er our heads when first we met.

Why should so fair a thing know life so brief?
Why should we twain awake to find it dead?
That happy love which sprang with blade and leaf,
And faded ere the blossom-time was fled.

A year ago—Time does its work so fast—
How calmly we are parting, you and I,
With only mem'ries of that brief sweet past,
To touch with tenderness our last "Good-bye."

## Under False Colors.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WILFUL WARD," "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED)

DINNER that evening at Field Royal was to be rather a grand affair, several country magnates and the member for the borough being invited.

"The Mitchams are very nice people," Sir Humphrey told Joan at the conclusion of his description of the expected guests. "Miss Mitcham, the only daughter, is an heiress, and rather a favorite of my mother's, who thinks she should suit me; but somehow I don't care for clever women."

"Everybody is clever nowadays, it seems to me," murmured Joan, "though I am an exception—and even now I am afraid I prefer a good run with the hounds to a long-winded lecture or the perusal of a work on science."

Joan spoke rather dreamily, wholly forgetting that her tastes might seem out of place for a young woman who had to get her own living as a governess or companion.

"Well, you will get plenty of hunting here," Sir Humphrey replied; and his words roused Joan at once to a sense of the indiscretion of which she had been guilty. "I shall be most happy to give you a moment."

"Oh, thank you! But—but—I never hunt now. You see it would not do—Miss Ainslie might not like it, and——" Joan hesitated.

"Oh, nonsense! You must join the party. Miss Ainslie rides, I suppose?"

"No, she does not—and that would make it awkward for me, you see. Please, Sir Humphrey"—turning a beseeching face towards him—"promise me you won't ask me to join the hunting party!"

"Why not?" demanded the young Baronet.

"Because I could not go. It would not look well for—for Miss Ainslie's companion to be scouring the country on horseback while her employer stops at home. And if you say anything about it she will not like to refuse to let me go. You will promise me, Sir Humphrey?"

Joan laid her hand with a pretty gesture of entreaty on his arm, while her lovely eyes looked earnestly into his. He returned the gaze with one before which her eyelids quickly drooped again.

"Yes," he whispered, "I promise—but only on one condition."

"Condition?" she repeated in a startled tone.

"That you let me get you some flowers to wear to-night."

"Oh, thank you; I should like some very much!"

Having finished her own toilette for the evening, Joan betook herself to Esther's apartment to see if she could be of any assistance, Martin by no means excelling in the duties of a lady's-maid, though willing and useful enough in a general way.

Esther was struggling vainly with the arrangement of a diamond star among the coils and twists of golden hair piled high upon her head, and she looked round angrily.

"You are here at last, Joan!" she exclaimed. "I thought you weren't coming to help me! I can't get this tiresome thing in the right place, and now it has caught somewhere!"

"Sit down and let me see," was the reply, and presently Joan's deft fingers had released the pin and fixed it properly.

"You have this plait a little uneven," she continued. "I can alter it in one moment. There—that is better! Are you going to wear the other star, because it will do nicely here?"

"Yes—ah, that looks better! Thank you! Now then, Martin, my gown. Quick! Why, Joan, I didn't know you were going to wear that dress! How resplendent you are!"—the frown deepening on her brow again as her eyes rested on her companion.

"Am I?"—and Joan laughed. "I don't feel anything out of the common."

She crossed to a pier glass standing between the windows and saw therein a tall svelte figure, clad in a soft pink gown, cut square at the neck and trimmed with delicate creamy lace. A band of velvet round the slim white throat was fastened by a small pearl brooch, a bouquet of rosebuds resting coquettishly among the lace folds of her bodice.

"I shall feel quite a dowdy beside you," Joan remarked after a pause, as she watched Esther array herself in a robe of cream-colored satin, veiled in some of her own point d'Alencon. "That is quite a triumph of Elsie's."

Esther did not answer, but turned herself slowly round so as to get a back view of her skirts, then took up her bracelets.

"Fasten this, Martin!"—holding out her arm to the maid. "No—not so! How stupid you are! Here, Joan, come and do it for me!"

Obediently the girl bent over the bangle—one of her own trinkets which she had lent Esther—and was about to clasp it, when the arm was suddenly withdrawn, and, pointing to the rosebuds, Esther exclaimed sharply—

"Where did you get those flowers?"

"Sir Humphrey gave them to me," Joan answered in a low tone.

Esther turned to Martin, and said sharply—

"Go down and get me a glass of water or lemonade!"

Then as the door closed upon the maid she confronted her dismayed companion with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Take them out!" she exclaimed hoarsely. "How dare you let him give you flowers? Is this the way you are going to behave during our visit here? Because, if so, I tell you plainly that I will not stand it!"

"But——" Joan could say no more for the tears that gathered in her eyes.

"Give those flowers to me"—and Esther put out her hand—"or this very night I tell Sir Humphrey all!"

"Hush, hush, for pity's sake! Here are the flowers"—and Joan drew them with trembling fingers from her bosom—"only—only don't hurt them!"

"Hurt them!" Esther laughed contemptuously, and ere Joan could stop her she had thrown the delicate little bouquet into the heart of the blazing fire.

"There!" she ejaculated. "Now tell Sir Humphrey their fate if you dare! And mark me, Joan"—standing tall and stern before the weeping girl—"if I see you flirting again with Sir Humphrey, as you were doing a while ago, then and there I disgrace you before every soul in this place. If there is the slightest attempt on your part to take Sir Humphrey Lisle from me, your doom is sealed. Come in! Oh, you could not get any lemonade, Martin? Never mind, water will do just as well. There is the gong. Come, Joan!"

More than one person assembled in the drawing-room when Esther and Joan entered were struck with the latter's altered looks and demeanor. She was pale, and seemed sad and weary; her eyes were full of unshed tears, and she scarcely spoke all dinner-time to the gentleman who was deputed to take her to the table, though usually she was most excellent company.

Sir Humphrey, watching her furtively every now and then from the bottom of the table, wondered what had happened. His own face grew grave and stern as he missed the flowers which he had been at such trouble to get for her, and which she had given him her promise to wear.

He took an opportunity once during the evening, when he and Joan were standing together listening to Esther's singing of "The Garden of Sleep," to ask the reason of her altered looks.

"You are pale," he said gently. "I feel sure you have a headache. Let me get you something. My mother has a remedy for every malady under the sun in that wonderful medicine-chest of hers."

Joan shook her head.

"There is nothing the matter with me, thank you, Sir Humphrey," she replied. "I am quite well. This pink gown I have on always makes me look pale."

"It is a very pretty frock," Sir Humphrey remarked, with an admiring glance; then he added reproachfully—"You have not worn my rosebuds as you promised. Why is that?"

"I—they—I forgot them," was the hesitating rejoinder; and then, to his utter amazement, Joan suddenly walked away to the other end of the room just as Miss Ainslie's song came to an end amid deafening applause.

CHAPTER VI.

THE long-anticipated day which was to see the opening meet of the Blankshire hounds dawned at last, the proverbial "southerly wind and cloudy sky" being special features of the occasion.

Bitterly did Esther regret her compliance with the Baronet's wish that her companion should go with the hunting party when she saw Joan mounted on a superb hunter belonging to her host, riding beside him down the drive at the head of the cavalcade, and watched Sir Humphrey incline his handsome head to speak to her, once even dismounting to rearrange the strap of her stirrup.

"He is a dreadful flirt!" Esther said to herself, as the equestrians passed out of sight. "I feel quite nervous when Joan is with him. But she dare not encourage him—that is one comfort, for fear I should tell all I know. I wish I could have left her behind at Rook's Nest. She is spoiling my pleasure here, and now they know she can ride I never be sure of her. I wish I had thought to tell her not to say anything about it."

It turned out a glorious run, and foremost among the fair equestrians who kept steadily in the wake of the hounds were Joan and Kitty Lisle; but the former was the only lady in at the death, bearing off her well-earned trophy of the fox's brush, which Jack Forsythe handed to her with the remark—

"Well ridden, Miss Vyse! I'd no idea you could sit a horse like that! If you'd only take a mild cigarette now, I should consider you perfect. I wonder where Kitty is! Rosalie huffed that last gate, and so they had to come round by the road. I told Kitty the mare wouldn't take it; but she would have a try, and so missed the death. I must go and find her, and then we'll set off homewards together. That's the road"—pointing with his hunting-crop towards the farther end of the field—"you must go out at that gate. Then we'll meet you, for I see Kitty coming along on the other side."

He mounted his horse and rode off, while Joan took the path in the opposite direction which he had indicated. Sir Humphrey and the rest of the men were standing in a circle beneath the trees, discussing the day's experiences as compared with those of former years. Joan hoped he would not notice her pass, for she did not wish to repeat the tete-a-tete ride of the morning.

It was dawning upon her that his company was becoming every day more essential to her happiness, and that among all her acquaintances there was nobody to compare with the noble, true-hearted master of Field Royal. Yet she must not think of him—indeed, must see him give his hand and heart to another, and that other the girl who held the baneful secret of her life!

"If Esther really does marry him," she thought, "I shall die an old maid and leave him all my money to make up for the trick she played him. If she loved him, I shouldn't care, but she doesn't!"

Joan was not in a happy frame of mind as she walked her horse slowly along the muddy lane, waiting for Miss Lisle and her fiance to overtake her. The excitement of the day had passed, and the reaction had set in. She must go back to Field Royal and Esther—to the petty annoyances and constant heart-burnings which made up her existence at present. Oh, why had an ill fated chance led her to take Rook's Nest, of all places on earth, and thus prepare herself for a life-long sorrow and regret for what might have been!

Here Robert Bruce, arching his glossy neck, shied at some object at the side of the road; and Joan, brought thus to the consideration of her surroundings, suddenly noticed that twilight was falling, and that she was still alone—very much so, for not a soul or a dwelling of any kind was within sight. Far away stretched wild fields and a long straight round, and in the distance rose the wooded hills, their summits standing out darkly against the red of the sunset sky.

Joan began to feel alarmed. Where were Kitty and Mr. Forsythe? She must have missed them somehow, and, absorbed in her own wretched musing, had been going steadily on, heedless of turnings or sign-posts, till she had gone miles out of her way.

Joan was sure it must be getting late, for the setting sun was fast disappearing, and every minute it grew darker. What if it should get as gloomy as on the evening of the concert when she and Esther, escorted by Sir Humphrey and Mr. Forsythe, had walked home across the park from Field Royal!

She had felt a little bit frightened even then, but now—Joan hardly dared think of it. She must ride on quickly and see if she could find a sign-post before it became too dark to decipher which way it pointed. She touched Robert Bruce with the whip and cantered on, keeping a sharp look-out around her for any vestige of the missing hunting party.

At length, to her great relief, she saw looming before her the outstretched arms of a direction-post, and, riding up to it, scanned eagerly the names of the villages inscribed thereupon.

"'To Bo-ton,'" "'To England,'" "'To Brampton Marshes,'" "'To Hilport,'" Joan read aloud, "and not Branscombe! What shall I do? I never heard of any of the places before, and I can't tell which turning to take to get near home. I'll go back; perhaps I shall come across another sign-post, or meet somebody to direct me."

Turning her horse's head once more in the direction whence she came, Joan urged Robert Bruce forward; and the beautiful docile creature, obedient to every word and touch, seemed to understand that she wished him to hurry, and flew along like the wind.

Suddenly Joan's quick ear caught the sound of another horse's hoofs coming from somewhere to the right of her. Her first feeling was one of fear, her second one of relief, for above the hedge of the field she discerned the head and shoulders of a man, and instinct rather than actual vision told her it was Sir Humphrey Lisle.

In another second they had met at the bend of the lane.

"Joan," exclaimed Sir Humphrey, in evident tones of relief—"thank Heaven I have found you! Where have you been?"

The girl felt ready to cry. His voice, his unconscious use of her Christian name, and the sense of safety in his presence, all served to unnerve her.

"I don't know," she answered, laughing hysterically; "I lost my way."

"I should think so. When I found you were not with Kitty and Jack I was naturally filled with anxiety and alarm, and rode off at once to try to find you. Luckily I took this road, or I should have missed you."

"And I should have had to wander about all night in the dark," supplemented Joan with a shudder. "Then in the second place, you have come to my rescue just in the nick of time, Sir Humphrey"—with a grateful smile, which unfortunately he could not see, "I don't know how to thank you. Are we far from home?"

"About four miles by the road."

"We had better get on, then, had we not?"

For some time they cantered on side by side without speaking; but at length, coming to a steep hill, they drew rein and walked their horses slowly up it. Then Sir Humphrey turned to his companion.

"Joan," he asked, "why have you been so unkind to me of late?"

The words made the girl start, and a deep blush mantled her cheeks. It was so dark now that he could not see her face, though he tried to do so; but her voice sounded cold as she answered—

"I was not aware that I had been different in my manner from what I usually am."

"Yes, you have. The evening that I gave you the roses you promised to wear them, but you broke your word. Since then you have carefully avoided me. Why is it, Joan?"—speaking tenderly and leaning forward to lay his hand in hers. "You must know, my darling."

Joan drew her hand away abruptly.

"You must not speak to me like that," she cried. "Oh, why do you want to make me miserable?"—and then she burst into tears.

Sir Humphrey was astounded. His affection was so tender and true, the one great passion of his life, that he never thought of a rebuff like this.

"Miserable!" he exclaimed. "Why, I love you, Joan! can't you—can't you return my love?"

"No, no—don't ask me!"

"Are you engaged to any one else?"

Sir Humphrey's voice seemed sterner than she had ever heard it.

"No!" she answered with a sob.

"Then why cannot you love me and become my wife?"

The girl was silent.

"Answer me, Joan!"

"I cannot tell you. I only know that I can never be your wife. If you knew all, you—you—would not wish it."

Joan spoke so despairingly, with such conviction that what she said was true, that Sir Humphrey was puzzled. Before he could answer however, she spoke again.

"You must never think of me as your wife," she said. "I am not worthy of the honor. Some day you will be glad that I—I—refused you."

Joan nearly broke down again, and with difficulty kept her voice from betraying her emotion.

"No," Sir Humphrey observed sadly—"I shall never be glad of that, Joan. But"—brightening suddenly—"I shall not take your refusal. I shall speak to Miss Ainslie."

"No, no—don't, for Heaven's sake, mention this to her! Promise me!" And, in her agony of fear, Joan leaned towards him and grasped his arm.

"Only on one condition," replied the Baronet.

"And that is?" queried Joan.

"That you tell me whether your refusal is final—whether some day you will alter your decision?"

"Never!" exclaimed Joan. "I can never marry you! But promise me that you won't tell Esther!"

"Is your reason for refusing me because you don't love me?" he persisted gently, but firmly.

For one moment a lie trembled on Joan's lips; but she could not utter it. She hesitated, and Sir Humphrey immediately saw his advantage.

"If you can truthfully say you don't love me, and never can," he persisted, taking her hand from his arm and clasping it in his own, "I will never trouble you again. But I don't believe you can say it, Joan?"

"I—— Let us hurry; they will think we are lost!" And, dragging her imprisoned hand from his, she gave Robert Bruce a smart flick with the whip, and was away; nor did she or her companion halt again till they arrived at the hall door of Field Royal.

Sir Humphrey was satisfied however; and, as he lifted Joan from the saddle, whispered in her ear—

"I shall win you yet, my love, never fear, for I know you love me!"

The night was dark, and the hurrying footsteps across the hall had not yet reached the door, when Joan felt herself drawn into her lover's arms, and, for one brief moment, his lips met her own.

Then he let her go, and, as the light from the hall streamed forth upon the drive, it seemed to Joan as though she stood upon the threshold of another world.

She did not venture near the drawing-room, whence came the sound of voices and laughter, but betook herself straight up-stairs to her own room, where, divesting herself of her habit, she donned a soft white dressing-gown and sat down before the fire to think.

That tender passionate kiss of Sir Humphrey's still lingered on her lips; she could feel even yet the touch of his arms around her, and her first thought was the rapturously happy one that he loved her!

"Oh, my darling," she whispered to herself, "how could I tell you I didn't care for you, when my whole heart is yours, and will be always, till it breaks and grows cold to death? How I love you, dear Humphrey! And what happiness it would be to become your wife!"

But, even as she thought this, there came also the thought of what would happen did Esther but discover that Humphrey loved her, and had actually asked her to marry him!

Joan started up in horror. Fool that she was to sit there gloating over a happiness which could never be hers, while perhaps even at this very moment Esther had told all!

Oh, the agony of thinking that Sir Humphrey had learned the truth! What utter shame would be hers! Joan covered her face with her hands and sobbed as though her heart would break.

She felt that she must get away from Field Royal; she could not meet Sir Humphrey day after day, and run the chance of another declaration. She would be sure to betray herself and let him see she loved him. She had as good as acknowledged it already; but he might forget that.

Hark! There was the dressing-gong! Could she make an excuse about fatigue and a headache so as to avoid going down stairs again that night?

Joan rose and hastily wiped her eyes, for she heard Mrs. Merriton's, her daughter's, and Esther's voices in the corridor. Another moment, and, with a tap at the door, Miss Ainslie entered the room.

"Well, Joan," she began, "a pretty muddle you have made of your grand hunting, coming home here at half past seven alone with Sir Humphrey! Pray, it is not an impertinent question, where have you been?"—glancing conspicuously at Joan's flushed cheeks and reddened eyelids. "You look as if you had been crying."

"The—the wind caught my face, and my eyes ache with straining them to discover my way," was the answer.

"I lost the road somewhere while I was waiting for Miss Lisle and Mr. Forsythe to overtake me. We had arranged to ride home together, but, just as I was beginning to wonder whether I should ever reach home to-night, Sir Humphrey met me."

"Humph! Well, I must say I don't understand it myself; and several very disagreeable remarks have been made. I can tell you! Sir Humphrey tries to treat it as a joke. He was looking as pleased as possible when he came in, and then that silly Mr. Forsythe must needs make all sorts of stupid remarks, declaring that your ride home together was a planned thing! But you must be aware, Joan, that it is not very pleasant either to me or Lady Lisle to have your name coupled with Sir Humphrey's, as it will be now."

"Esther! How dare you?"

Joan looked so furious that the other was frightened.

"Well, I only go by what Lady Lisle told me to-day," she said sulkily. "It seems very hard that, when she is so anxious for me to marry Humphrey, he won't come to the point. However, I have made up my mind that, if he doesn't propose to me while we are here, I shall tell your secret."

"You—you can't mean it, Esther?" Joan gasped.

"Yes, I do! I am tired of waiting in this uncertainty! And sometimes I fancy Sir Humphrey doesn't like me. But I will marry him, and you must help me!"

"I?" demanded Joan, turning pale.

"Yes. I am not blind, Joan! I can see that he prefers your society to mine. You must go away, and give me a clear field! Make an excuse that you are not well; that you caught cold to-day; and return to Rook's Nest. Sir Humphrey, like all men, is fickle as the weather in May. He will soon forget you if you are no longer here."

Joan's lip curled, and she turned away that Esther might not see the smile she could not suppress.

"Very well," she replied—"I will go; it does not matter to me whether I am here or at Rook's Nest."

"Then that is settled." Esther's tone was decidedly relieved, for she had not expected Joan would acquiesce so readily, and concluded she had made a mistake in supposing that her companion cared for Sir Humphrey; for, had such been the case, she would not have been so ready to leave.

"Now I must go and dress for dinner. What shall you wear to night, Joan?"

"I shall not go down," was the unexpected answer.

"I have a headache, and am tired. I shall go to bed. You must make my excuses to Lady Lisle."

"Very well;" and Esther turned and left the room, quite satisfied with the result of her interview with her rival.

No sooner had she gone that Joan locked her door, and, sinking down upon the couch, gave herself up to the luxury of a good cry.

Meanwhile, down stairs in the drawing-room, Lady Lisle and her son, the first to arrive, were having a discussion about Esther.

"You are letting an opportunity slip which may never occur again," her ladyship said regretfully.

"She is so nice, good-looking, and amiable! What more can you want, Humphrey?"

"I don't believe in the amiability," he answered laughingly; "and I tell you candidly, mother, I don't care for Miss Ainslie. She is good-looking enough, and all that, but——"

"And rich too," her ladyship reminded him.

"Yes; but riches alone won't satisfy me. I must love the woman I make my wife, and she must reciprocate my affection."

"You are so absurdly romantic, Humphrey!" sighed his mother.

"I believe you will fall in love with some girl who hasn't a halfpenny! Mrs. Merriton made some foolish remark to-day about Miss Vyse suiting you. It appears she has taken a fancy to the girl because she bears a resemblance to a daughter of her own who died. However, I soon let her know my opinion on the subject!"

Sir Humphrey did not answer. His mother's mention of Mrs. Merriton as Joan's companion had put an idea into his head.

He would confide in the American lady, and get her to find out why Joan refused him.

"Miss Vyse is a great flirt, and ambitious. It would be a fine thing for her to be Lady Lisle. I shall really have to speak to her about the way she goes on with Jack Forsythe! I wonder Kitty——"

"Pooh! Kitty knows better than to be jealous where Joan—Miss Vyse"—suddenly correcting himself as he saw his mother's start of surprise—"is concerned."

"Yes—of course I do!" It was Miss Lisle herself who spoke. She had come into the room unperceived, and heard the last words.

"Jack and I had a long talk about it when coming home to day, and he is very angry with Miss Ainslie for putting the idea into my head as she did. He says Miss Ainslie is a fraud, and he hopes to goodness Humphrey doesn't mean to marry her!"

"Jack is a fool!" remarked her ladyship sharply.

"No, he isn't! I don't like Miss Ainslie."

"Quite right, Kitty—no more do I! And I'll tell you something else!"

Sir Humphrey drew his sister towards him, and, as the door opened to admit the guests, bent down and whispered in her ear.

Kitty's face grew radiant.

"Oh," she returned, "I'm so glad! May I tell Jack? He is very fond of her."

"Yes; but not another soul, remember Kitty."

Esther was the last to make her appearance, looking very handsome in a gown of shining gauze the color of the sea when the sun shines upon it.

"Joan has begged I would ask you to excuse her, Lady Lisle," she said. "She has a bad headache, and is very tired. I have persuaded her to go to bed."

"Certainly," replied her ladyship blandly, but did not add that she was sorry.

## CHAPTER VII.

JOAN sat in the pretty drawing-room at Rook's Nest alone. A book lay in her lap, but she was not reading.

Her eyes were fixed upon the glowing fire, and in their dark-blue depths there was a hunted frightened look pitiful to see, while her pale cheeks and trembling lips told a tale of mental suffering and distress.

A week previously she had left Field Royal under the plea of a bad cold, during the continuance of which she urged that she would be better at home under the care of Miss Ainslie's old nurse.

The excuse had turned out a valid one, for, since her return to Rook's Nest, Joan had been really ill, and for three days Rachel nursed her young mistress with unremitting care and attention, exclaiming loudly at Esther's inhumanity in allowing Joan to return alone.

"Miss Joan would never have done it!" she muttered wrathfully to herself.

"But there—Miss Vyse takes advantage of her employer's kindness! I don't half like this business; and I don't believe her ladyship would, if she knew it! I'm not going to stand Miss Vyse's airs much longer, I can tell her! If she ain't more civil when she comes back than what she was before she went to Field Royal, I shall give her a bit of my mind! It's my opinion as she sent Miss Joan out of the way so as she might get Sir Humphrey Lisle; but I don't believe he'll ever take up with her!"

Joan did not want for companionship during her self-imposed seclusion at Rook's Nest.

Miss Forsythe often came over to see her, offering to stay as long as she liked to have her, while the other guests at Field Royal, including the Bishop himself, never failed to call or send to inquire after her, and express their regret at her absence and its cause.

Lady Lisle and Kitty drove over once; but the farmer's manner was colder and more formal than usual; and Joan felt she had somehow managed to get into disgrace.

Kitty however hugged and kissed her, whispering to her at parting to make haste and get well, as they all wanted her back at Field Royal, and that Humphrey had sent his love—information which Joan received with crimson cheeks and treasured in her heart for the rest of the day.

Once Sir Humphrey had written a tiny note to her, containing only one sentence—

"May I come to see you?"

Joan had written back a peremptory "No!"—adding that she wished him to forget her, as they could never be anything more to each other than they were at pres-

ent, and, if she had unwittingly given him cause to think so, see deeply regretted it.

She was thinking of her lover this afternoon, as she sat by the fire, wondering if he would propose to Esther, yet feeling sure that he would not, and that soon her secret would be known to him, when the sound of the door bell roused her.

"I cannot see any one to day," she murmured. "I feel so wretched!" And she rose quickly to prevent Rachel from admitting visitors.

Even as she reached the door, however, she knew she was too late, for Rachel—who was doing Martin's work in her absence—was more prompt than usual, and Joan heard her telling somebody that she was "glad they had come, as her young lady wanted cheering up a bit badly!"

A moment afterwards the drawing-room door was opened, and Mrs. Merriton was announced.

"Sir Humphrey was driving to Hilport this afternoon, so I got him to drop me here," the visitor explained, as she greeted Joan affectionately and glanced pityingly at the girl's woe-begone countenance. "I made the excuse that I wanted to do some shopping at Hilport—so I do, and Sir Humphrey is well stocked with commissions—so nobody else knows I have come, and I wanted to have some talk with you, my dear."

She took the chair Joan drew forward for her, and, still keeping the girl's hand in hers, made her sit down next her.

"Joan," she began, "what is wrong between you and Humphrey Lisle?"

The girl's face grew crimson, and she turned her head away, but could not release her hand, for Mrs. Merriton held it fast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Be Sure You Are Right.

BY F. T. G.

ONE day a large number of guests sat at the dinner table of the principal hotel in Dresden, the beautiful capital of Saxony. Foreigners and native Germans sat side by side, eating, talking, and apparently enjoying themselves, when suddenly a young merchant, who had traveled through India, attracted the attention of everybody by holding up a peculiar piece of gold money, which he had brought with him from that country.

The coin was eight-cornered, and had very strange figures on both sides of it. The people around the table were greatly surprised to see such a beautiful piece of money, and it is no wonder that they admired it.

The owner of it let it pass round the table, and a good many remarks were made about how such a piece of money could have been struck. Finally it reached the hands of a gentleman sitting at the end of the table, who was apparently an officer of high rank, and who had been so intent upon conversation with his neighbor that he was really the only one in the company who had not paid much attention to the curious coin.

He looked at it for a moment, noticed the figures with some indifference, and then laid it down on the table, saying, "Oh, I know that piece of money already; I have seen one before," and continued his conversation.

Shortly afterwards the people began to talk about other things, and the piece of money was apparently forgotten.

As the dinner drew to a close, the young merchant who owned the money looked around upon the guests, and said, "Will the gentleman to whom my piece of money was handed last be kind enough to give it to me again, for I have not yet received it?"

The people were greatly astonished at this remark, and wondered that he had not received the money again. Every one declared that he had passed it on to the one sitting next to him, but nobody seemed able to tell what had become of it.

The company were in great surprise at the thought that a thief could possibly be in the number, and yet it did seem that somebody had taken the gold coin.

Finally, when the money could not be found, an old gentleman arose, and said in a loud voice: "Gentlemen, since every one of you says that he has not the piece of money, and since all of us in this dining-room are responsible for it, I propose to you that each one has his pockets searched by the landlord, and I am willing that mine should be searched first. The landlord and I will take our position at the door, and I propose that nobody leave the room without the landlord examining his pockets. In fact, there is nothing else that we can do, if we want to save ourselves against the supposition that some one of us is a thief."

It appeared that everybody agreed to this proposition, and one after another had his pockets searched by the landlord.

Finally, the officer who had paid but little attention to the piece of money when it was handed to him, said, "Gentlemen, I do not agree to have my pockets searched, though I give you my word of honor as a soldier that I have not in my possession the piece of money. Here is my name, and that is all I can submit to."

All eyes were now directed to this officer, and immediately every one else seemed to have a suspicion that he was the one who had the money in his pocket.

Several said to him, that, as they had been searched, it was nothing more than right that he should be searched also. But he protested against it, and said that he would submit to it under no condition whatever.

"Then," said they, "we shall have to consider that you are the thief, unless you agree to have your pockets searched."

"I am no thief, gentlemen," he replied, "and yet I will not have my pockets searched."

Just in the midst of the excitement a rap was heard at the door. The landlord opened it, and seeing the head waiter of the hotel before him, asked him what he desired.

"I wish to tell you, sir," said he, "that in one of the napkins that has just been brought from the table there was found this gold piece, which fell out when the napkin was thrown into the pile of soiled ones. I am come to give it to you, that you may return it to the owner."

The whole company were greatly surprised, and there was a universal feeling of satisfaction; and those who had accused the officer of being a thief felt very much ashamed of themselves, and would have been glad to find any place in which to hide.

The officer, seeing that they could no more call him a thief, now stood up before the company and said, "Gentlemen, I think you will now allow me the privilege of saying a word! The reason why I did not allow my pockets to be searched was, that I had in my portemonnaie a piece of gold just like the piece which the waiter has returned to the owner. If it had been found in my pocket, and the other piece had never been found, I should have been called, and with some right, perhaps, a thief. There are strange things in this world, and we can never be too sure that we are right. See, here is my piece of money!" With that he took out a piece of gold which was in every respect like that shown by the merchant.

"Look at it carefully, gentlemen," he continued; "I am not afraid that any one of you is a thief, and after you have all seen it, I think you will say that it is precisely like the merchant's piece. Hereafter, let me beg of you never to call any man a thief, or suspect him of any crime, unless the evidence is positive."

Those who had suspected the officer of taking the money then came up to him and asked his pardon.

"I freely grant it, gentleman," he said to them; "but hereafter, always before you have a suspicion that some one has done wrong, Be sure you are right."

### CONCERNING EPITAPHS.

SOME quaint epitaphs are very pleasant, and put death in a more manly and cheerful light than our absurd black coffins, gloomy undertakers' men, scarfs and weepers allow us to regard it. The early Christians are quite cheerful in their epitaphs, discovered in the catacombs—as cheerful as St. Paul when eager to be gone. The epitaphs we refer to miss this high and noble spirit, but have a merry manliness about them. Such is the one which bids the passer-by

to tread most featly,
For underneath do rest the bones of pleasant William Wheatley.

In Luton churchyard lies one "Thomas Proctor, who lived and died without a doctor." A very pleasant epigram is that on Miss Long, a beautiful lady, "Though Long, yet short; though short, yet pretty long."

A resident on the sea coast, having gone out smuggling, met with an accident and was killed. His family recorded it on his tomb thus—"Here I lies, killed by the XIS." This was too good to be lost, so a blundering plagiarist immediately adapted it to one who was run over—"Here I lays, killed by a chaise."

Of the minatory epitaphs which give us the consolatory advice embodied in the somewhat stale truth that we shall soon be as the buried person is, we need not quote any sample; they generally assume that the reader, who is perhaps thinking of death and eternity, is a very wicked person, who had better mend his ways at once. This may be a general truth, nevertheless it is too often a particular insult.

But we must not pass over a number of historical epitaphs, in which the humor, the temper, and the very history of the times are written, as it were, in shorthand. Sometimes—would it were so always!—a man's epitaph is his biography written in brief—as that of the saintly and learned Dr. Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom in Queen Mary's reign; it is at Hadleigh, in Suffolk—"Dr. Taylor, in defending what was gode, at this place left his blode"—and was probably cut on a rude stone by some humble follower of the Doctor's.

So the fine eulogy pronounced by Johnson on Garrick, that his death "eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and diminished the stock of harmless happiness," would have served best for his epitaph, since it tells the high esteem in which he was held as an actor.

Stephen Duck's epitaph on honest Joe Miller—the actor who, scarcely ever having made a joke, has, by the irony of events, been made the father of all jokes—is very good and very honorable. It is not every one who is worthy to be chronicled as "a tender husband, a sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent comedian," and beyond all this to be known especially as honest.

The tombstone decorates one of the rooms in King's College Hospital, poor Joe Miller having been carted away with the bones of thousands of others when the hospital was enlarged.

It is probable that the four lines beginning "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear to digg ye dust enclosed here," have saved the grave of Shakspere from desecration, or we should have had the poet's skull up and a lecture on the size of his brain. It will be well to remark that, though the Latin inscription to Shakspere is inflated, it evidently does not appreciate him—the same lines are on Luther's tomb. Nor does the next age seem to have awakened to his merits.

The fashion of writing Latin epigrams to adorn the tombs of English authors, defended by Dr. Johnson against the universal opinion of the literary club, has perhaps enabled half a dozen learned foreigners to understand, and has excluded some millions of our own countymen. Of these we can say nothing here.

Of the English poets, Butler, the witty author of Hudibras, died, as we know, in extreme poverty in 1680. In 1721, in order that so great a poet, "who, when living, wanted almost everything, might not after death want any longer so much as a tomb, John Barber, citizen of London, erected this monument"—John Barber was an alderman.

Pope's many epitaphs are merely classical exercises of an ingenious gentleman to prove how prettily and ingeniously he could compliment the dead and show his own wit. Virtue, patriotism, learning, beauty, are all the properties of the deceased. One patriot dies crying "Save my country, Heaven!" after having pretty well taxed it and enjoyed a patent office or so. Death leads others to the silent shades; and, in short, the ladies and gentlemen depart this life in very pretty poses, and with extremely theatrical gestures. Johnson's epitaphs are fine and sonorous, but somewhat labored eulogies, as, for instance, those upon Goldsmith and Hogarth. Goldsmith, on the way, lies without any inscription, under a solitary stone with a cross on it—a modern and almost unfit imposition, for in profession the Doctor was but a cold Christian. As a model of what a truly humble believer's epitaph should be, let us take that of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, undoubtedly the intellect which has more greatly and variously influenced this century than any other. It follows the Sistine viator adjuration, crying out from the stone, "Stop, Christian passer-by—stop, child of God!" and, saying that under neath a poet lies, or that once seemed he—asks, "Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C."—

That he, who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death.
Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

Our present method of memorializing eminent men is laconic: "Wellington," "Peel," "Outram," is considered sufficient. A century will show how unwise this is. Poor Hood, when dying, wished to have engraved on his tomb the sentence "He sang the Song of the Shirt," and there it remains; but the sewing machine has almost obliterated the shirt makers and their threepence a shirt and "find your own thread," though but the other day the fact came out at a police court that poor women receive but seven farthings for making a pair of soldier's trousers by machine work.

## Bric-a-Brac.

A GERMAN CUSTOM.—The custom of celebrating gold and silver weddings belongs to Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people could celebrate that, but to be fifty years married was a sort of an event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands, all the neighbors from far and near were assembled.

THE SUN'S ENERGY.—Three-fourths of the sun's energy that reaches the earth is in waves, as they are called, that are too long to affect the eye in the form of light, but these "intra-red" waves play an important part in sustaining life, and a further study of the spectrum in which they are arranged will probably be the means of solving many important and now obscure problems in meteorology and kindred subjects.

A CURIOUS LEASE.—A curious lease is on record in Hebron, Conn. It declares that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts leases thirty acres of land to one S. W. Chase and his heirs for the term of 9999 years. The tenure is held on condition that the said "Chase, or his heirs, shall pay to John Sutton and J. T. Peters, church wardens of said society, or their successors in office, one grain of pure silver or other silver, gold equivalent (if demanded), on St. John's Day of each ensuing year."

APPLIES NOW.—Herbert Spencer quotes from Herodotus a paragraph describing the practice of medicine in ancient Egypt several thousand years ago, which applies with equal pertinency to New York now. "Medicine," said Herodotus, "is practiced among them in a plan of separation. Each physician treats a single disorder and no more. The country swarms with the medical practitioner, some undertaking to cure diseases of the eye, some of the ear, others of the teeth, others of the head and some those which are not local."

DIVORCE.—Curiosities in divorce are always interesting and sometimes instructive, illustrating as they do the manners, customs and failings of the times. In ancient Rome, among the not uncommon "reasons" given by the husband for divorce were those of a wife having skeleton keys made to fit his private drawers and drinking his wine—two statements which show that the honesty of a Roman matron was not cultivated to a great extent. However, it may be there was a skeleton in the cupboard, and so the natural shrewdness of a woman's mind suggested the use of a key to match.

MODESTY.—Another incontestable proof of the rapid advance of the Japanese in the civilization of the West is the following advertisement which appeared in a Tokio paper recently: "A young lady wishes to get married. She is very beautiful, has a rosy face, which is surrounded by dark curly hair. Her eyebrows show the form of the half moon, and the mouth is small and pretty. She is also very rich, well read enough to admire the flowers in the daytime at the side of a life companion, or at night to sing to the stars in heaven. The man whom she will choose must also be young, handsome and well educated, and be ready to share the same grave with her."

ST. PAUL'S CLOCK.—The clock which was placed in the tower of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is the largest in the British Isles. The dials (there are three of them) are each seventeen feet in diameter, and the figures upon them are each two feet and nine inches in length. The pendulum is fifteen feet long, and the ball of its lower end weighs 700 pounds. It is provided with a Pneips bell, which weighs five and one quarter tons, and the bell is struck by a hammer weighing 200 pounds. Each of the weights weigh 2200 pounds. The hands are made of pure copper. That which marks the minutes is nine feet six inches in length, the other exactly five feet.

OF GREAT STRENGTH.—An interesting article was published in a Paris paper recently regarding the weight which a hair from the human head can support. "Hairs," says the author, "have a force of resistance hard to believe unless one has convinced himself by the experiments. Bichat does not fear to say that nothing else, not even excepting a fibrous tissue, can support so large a weight in proportion to its volume. Greffier, who shares this opinion, has estimated that a single hair can carry a weight of 101 decigrams (more than a hundred grams). According to Richter, a blonde hair can bear more than six ounces, and a black one still more. One can thus appreciate the great strength of the ropes which the Carthaginians twisted of their hair.

### UNREST.

BY C. S. T.

Oh, when the heart is full of strange unrest
With idle cares, which reason cannot bind,
And all the world seems faithless or unkind,
The fancy wanders on in eager quest
Of realms where there is nothing to molest
The brilliant visions of the dreamy mind!
And it is sweet, if but in dreams we find
A balm to soothe the longings of the breast.
And thus for such, when weary and forlorn,
And all the words of love are comfortless,
Within the far, dim future, yet unborn,
An Eden of the heart springs up to bless
Yet, few alone shall ever hail the morn
Which brings a day of perfect happiness.

# LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV—(CONTINUED)

FOR a second her pale face was dyed with a sudden red, then it grew pale again, but she said nothing.

"The first thing to do," said Lady Dockitt, taking Nance's hand and patting it, "is to get away from this gloomy house. How anyone could ever have lived here——" She stopped, remembering that she was speaking of Nance's father. "Nance wants country air and plenty of sunshine; she would soon get stronger and brighter. Yes, that is the first thing to do."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Graham. "And there isn't any trouble in that direction. She has a country house all ready, or will have in a few days."

Nance looked up inquiringly.

Mr. Graham nodded.

"That brings me to the second part of my business, my dear," he said. "You remember, of course, the words that dropped from your father's lips just before he died, though I daresay you did not understand them. They referred to a strange story. Did you ever hear of Sir Terence Yorke?"

Nance said, "No."

"No, of course not. How stupid of me! Well, Sir Terence Yorke is a baronet who lives at a place called Rainford Hall, in Sparshire. He and your father were old friends—old enemies, I suppose I ought to say. I think—my dear, I will be frank with you—I know that Sir Terence carried off the lady your father was engaged to. Well, the Yorkes have always been a wild, spendthrift race, and Sir Terence is evidently no exception to the rule. I don't know him, and I only judge from what I have gleaned from things your father told me, and his papers, and the facts of the case. It seems that Sir Terence has borrowed large sums—immense sums—of money from your father. Now, when a man borrows money, he must give some security. You understand that?"

"Yes, I will try and understand all you tell me," said Nance.

"Thank you, my dear—very sweetly said! Well, Sir Terence gave as security the Sparshire estate. It ought to have descended to his son, and his son after him; but, by a deed, Sir Terence's father cut off the entail"—"Oh, Lord! she doesn't understand in the least, and yet it's so simple!" he interjected in a kind of despair. "He gave, not a mortgage, but a bill of sale as security. That is to say, if Sir Terence did not repay the money he had borrowed, your father could sell the estate, the house—everything, in fact."

"And anyone could buy it," said Nance, who perhaps understood better than Mr. Graham thought she did.

"Bravo!" he said approvingly. "But your father wanted the house and estate for himself, and so he lent more than anyone else would give, so that when it came to be sold he would, as it were, be the only purchaser."

"I see," said Nance.

Mr. Grey nodded.

"Why, you are quite a little woman of business," he declared delightedly. "Now, your father intended to go and live at the Hall, but—well—well—Providence ruled otherwise. But though he knew that he would not live to become master of the Hall, he desired that you should become the mistress."

"I?" said Nance.

"Yes," said Mr. Graham, very solemnly; "it was the wish of his heart. He has spoken to me of it again and again. In fact, he left it as a charge, a command, that you should go and live at the place he had purchased for you. You will not have forgotten his last words, my dear."

"No," said Nance, in a low voice. "But—but this gentleman—Sir Terence Yorke, it is his——"

"It was his," said Mr. Graham, "but it is now yours. I see what is passing in your mind, but you need have no scruples, my dear. I have gone into the whole case most carefully, and I can assure you that there has been no hard dealing or underhand work in the matter. Your father has paid—lent, if you like the word better—the full price, and more than the full price, for the place. What Sir Terence has done with the money was not your father's business, nor yours. Suffice it that Sir Terence has had it, and, I should say, spent it—he and his son."

"He has a son," said Nance.

Mr. Graham nodded.

"Yes, to whom the estate would have descended if the entail had not been cut off. As I said, I do not know the Yorkes, but I should think, from what I have heard my friend Harwood say, that the son had helped his father to run through the money: it is very likely—like father, like son. The gift of spending runs in some families, like red hair or warts—there is no accounting for it. Anyway, there it is. There is the Hall—a magnificent old place, I believe—and so many thousands of acres, with farms and all the appurtenances of a large estate, waiting for you as mistress."

Nance's brows knitted, and she looked straight before her without a word.

"And very well you will play it, I am sure," continued Mr. Graham. ("By gad, she will startle them, with that hair and those eyes of hers!") "Just before his death your father instructed me to gain possession of the property which had, to all intents and purposes, been his, to which he had been entitled, so to speak, for some months past, and I did so. The sale takes place in a week's time—Monday week, to be exact, and on Thursday you can take possession, for no one will be so foolish as to give the money your father lent on it. You understand?"

"Yes," said Nance.

It all seemed like a fairy story to her, something impossible and unreal.

"Now your father, not only by word of mouth, but by a written paper, directed, I might say commanded, that you should take possession at once, as soon as the many formalities were completed, and I, as his friend, executor, and lawyer, and your guardian, have only to carry out his wishes. I need scarcely ask, my dear, whether you are also willing to obey. He has tried to make atonement for his—er—neglect of you—has left you every penny of his immense wealth."

"I will obey," Nance said in a low voice.

"Yes, yes; I was sure you would! Very well, my dear; then we will go down to the Hall on Thursday, and take formal possession."

He paused a moment, coughed, and stared up at the ceiling as is the way of men of all ages when they are embarrassed in the presence of women, then added—

"Of course, this is a great change for you. Your whole life has become transformed; so to speak, you are a—er—a different person. Your name is changed, your circumstances have completely altered. You were poor, you are now rich, very rich. The past is done with altogether."

Nance sighed. Yes; it was all done with. There were no tears in her eyes, but there were tears in her heart, as the poet puts it, as she thought of Bernard, of Myrtle Cottage, of her lost joy. Yes; it was all past and done with! Alas! alas!

"And the best thing to do is to forget it," said Mr. Graham, emphatically. "While you have been ill I have taken steps to cut off all connection with your past life. I hope I have not done wrong?"

"No, no," Nance whispered.

"Thank you, my dear. I tried to put myself in your place, and I said, 'If I were Miss Harwood, with half a million of money, I should like to forget that such a person as Miss Nance Grey ever lived; that such a place as—er—what is it called?—Eden row could be found. I have given up the little house, have discharged the servant—what a sharp little child it was!—and sold the furniture. Every trace of your old life has disappeared, my dear, even your name. By the way, do you know that you were christened Christine?"

"No," said Nance.

"Yes," he said; "it was your name. I found your baptismal certificate amongst your father's papers, Christine. I don't know how they came to call you Nance. I think you had better be Miss Christine Harwood from now. What do you say? Nance is rather—rather familiar for a lady with a half a million of money!"

"As you please," said Nance in a low voice. What did it matter?

"Good!" he said. "No trouble with her, not the least—the sweetest child I ever met with!" "Very good! No one would recognize in Miss Christine Harwood the young person, Nance Grey, who gained her livelihood by making lace."

"I made it very well," said poor Nance, and, strange to say, there were tears in her eyes.

Perhaps Lady Dockitt, being a woman, understood why they were there, for she patted Nance's hand sympathetically.

"I daresay. I am sure you did. You would do anything well," said Mr. Graham, bowing with old-fashioned gallantry. "But that's all over and done with now. You are a wealthy young woman; you may be a great lady, as I hinted just now. And now, my sister tells me that she has grown rather fond of you—singular and strange, isn't it?—and that if you like she will remain with you and help you. You must have someone, you know—some lady to play sheep-dog."

"I shall make a capital sheep-dog," said the old lady, affectionately.

Nance pressed her hand.

"You are both very good to me," was all she could say.

### CHAPTER XXV.

HAVING presented Nance with a cheque book, and explained its use, Mr. Graham took his leave.

"Good-bye till Thursday, my dear," he said. "We will go down to Rainford—that is the name of the place in Sparshire where your Hall is—quite early. And in the meanwhile, if you take my advice, you will go out and—buy things!"

"But I do not want anything," Nance said.

He laughed and shook his head.

"Just begin to go shopping, and you'll soon discover what a tremendous lot of things you not only want, but that you can't live without. Take her out to the shops, Edith, and don't let her forget that she has a balance of a couple of thousand at the bank, and that she can be as extravagant as she pleases."

To Lady Dockitt, when they were alone in the hall, he added—

"I see what you mean, Edith. It is a strange state for a young girl to be in, with half a million of money, too! You must rouse her, interest her. For heaven's sake, try and dispel that look from those beautiful eyes of hers."

Lady Dockitt did her best according to his light. She took Nance out daily, and initiated her into the great and noble art of spending. It was in vain for Nance to gently remark that she did not need this or that expentive article of dress or feminine nick-nacks. Lady Dockitt insisted upon purchasing an expensive wardrobe, much jewelry, and an apparently endless collection of those things which are supposed to be indispensable to a young lady of fortune and fashion.

It seemed strange to Nance to be driving in a well-appointed carriage, with a pair of horses and correctly liveried footmen, through the streets through which she had so often walked with weary limbs and aching head; stranger still, to be purchasing costly clothes and jewelry at the shops, at whose windows she had often glanced with as little thought of ever being able to purchase one of the things displayed as she had the moon. But, much to Lady Dockitt's disappointment, she was not elated. The extensive shopping left her where she was; the sad, dreamy expression was still in her eyes, and she still sat silent and thoughtful, looking back at the past.

Mr. Graham, when he came on Thursday, was disappointed also.

"She is no brighter," he said to Lady Dockitt. "Haven't you spent enough?"

"I have done my best," said the old lady, with a sigh. "I'm sure I have got her to buy everything I could think of; but it is hard work when she seems to desire nothing, to have no fancy for anything. Perhaps she will loose her sadness when she gets into the country. This house is enough to damp the spirits of a—of—a—pantomime clown."

Mr. Graham had secured a first-class compartment, and on the journey down to Rainford he was as attentive and as careful of his ward's comfort as a father could have been.

"The county of Sparshire is famous for its air; it is like champagne—will soon bring the roses to your cheeks, and the sparkle to your eyes, my dear."

"Christine would never have much color," put in Lady Dockitt.

"And after you have been there, say for a month or six weeks, no one will know you."

"Then you have bought the place?" said Nance, in a low voice.

"Yes, you have bought Rainford Hall, and it is yours," he added, with a shake of the head and a frown. "Some person—it was said that it was a lady—bid against us most obstinately, and I have to pay over the sum your father lent. I don't know what he would say if he had lived to know it. However, his instructions were 'Secure it for my daughter at any cost,' and I have merely carried out his wishes. I hope you will like it, I do not think you can help doing so. Of course," he went on, with a little cough, "you will find it rather strange at first. It is an immense place, and there is an army of servants. Perhaps you will like to get rid of some of them. You and Edith will decide that point. And—er—at first, just at first, you may find that they, the servants and people on the estate, will be rather stiff and stand-offish. You see, they have got used to the Yorkes, and no one likes a change of masters, especially when the change is as sudden a one as this. But I am sure they will not bear you a grudge for long." ("By gad, no one could! That face and gentle way of hers would melt a heart of stone!") he said, in his usual quiet, audible aside. "I daresay you will find the place in rather a disorder; but Edith will help you to get things ship-shape."

"Is the house empty?" asked Nance.

"No, oh no! We bought the house and all that was in it, just as it stood. You slip into your mansion all warm and snug."

"And—Sir Terence Yorke—where has he gone?" asked Nance, with something like sigh, and an expression of pity in her eyes.

Mr. Graham coughed and rubbed his glasses.

"I—well, I don't know. I daresay he has gone abroad. I have not seen him, and everything was done between his lawyer and myself. I see you are thinking of him, and are sorry for him."

"Ah, yes!" Nance said in a very low voice.

"Just so. Quite right! But you must not forget that he has had the money—that we have actually paid more than the place is worth. And also—and this should dispel any scruple from your mind, my dear—that if we had not bought the Hall someone else would have done so. It would have been sold sooner or later, you see."

Nance said no more, but for the first of the journey she could not prevent her mind from dwelling upon the people whom she had displaced.

When they arrived at the small station, a handsome carriage was awaiting them. It was a new one, and Mr. Graham explained that he had bought it for her, and had had it sent down the preceding day.

"Though," he added, "we purchased the stables and all they contained. But I thought you would like quite a new carriage."

They drove almost in silence for a couple of miles, along pretty lanes and through a picturesque village—in the single street of which Nance noticed that the people were standing in groups, as if curious to see the new-comer, and presently, after passing under a noble avenue of elms, they came in sight of the house.

Indifferent as she was to her newly acquired wealth and all it could purchase, Nance uttered a faint cry of amazement and admiration as the great building of dull red brick and time-stained stone loomed up before her. She had read of such places, had seen pictures of them in the books and magazines Bernard had brought down to the cottage for her; but that the magnificent place should be hers simply overwhelmed her.

The carriage made its way through the winding avenue, and came to a standstill before a wide flight of steps, leading to the terrace, which ran the whole length of the facade. The hall door, set in a framework of imposing stone, covered with ivy, was open, and the butler and the rest of the servants were drawn up ready to receive the new mistress.

It was a grand old place, with all the usual characteristics; the oak panelling dated from the fifteenth century; the armour on the wooden figures had been worn by Yorkes in the wars of the Roses, and through the Crusades; there were tattered flags suspended from the roof, family portraits, stands of arms and cabinets of curiosities and family relics; and over it all a large oriel window, of antique stained glass, poured a red and mellowed light. As Nance, leaning on Mr. Graham's arm, entered, the butler who had succeeded his father and grandfather in his honorable post, and the rest of the servants—not a few of whom had grown grey headed in service of the Yorkes—bowed respectfully, but glanced at her curiously from under

their brows. They maintained a profound silence.

Even when Mr. Graham said "Good morning; this lady, as no doubt you are aware, is Miss Harwood," no one spoke. Nance stood looking round her for a moment, then her eyes became downcast, and she sighed. She knew what they were thinking. She was an inteloper, a usurper, the girl who had turned ont their beloved master!

The housekeeper, stately dame, came forward, followed by a couple of maids.

"You would like to go to your room, miss, and my lady," she said. "Or will you go through the house first?"

"Luncheon will be ready in half an hour," said the butler, in the tone of voice in which a clergyman commences a funeral service.

"We will go through some of the rooms, shall we, Christine?" said Lady Dockitt, who was too much a woman of the world to be crushed.

The housekeeper bowed.

"Very good, my lady. Of course, the house is not—not in perfect order," her lips trembled, and Nance thought there was a tear in her eyes.

"Oh, no, no," she said, obeying this tender impulse of her sympathy with the woman, "we did not expect—it does not matter—we will not go round if you do not like——"

The housekeeper, who had expected the new mistress to be a purse-proud and possibly vulgar parvenue, had been rather impressed by Nance's beauty; and she was more than startled, she was touched, by the gentle voice and evident kindness which Nance's tone and words indicated.

She bowed, and looked at Nance with a slightly softened expression in her wrinkled face.

"I will show you some of the rooms miss, if you please," she said; and she led the way.

The rooms were large; they seemed magnificent to Nance, who could only think of Hampton Court, and the comparison cost her a pang of bitter memory; the furniture was old—what would not some persons, some of the newly rich, have given for it!—over every room hung that glamor of rank, that atmosphere of refinement, of gentle living, of patrician tradition which is so hard to define, but so easily felt and understood.

In silence unbroken Nance gazed and listened, and as she listened to the housekeeper's explanations and descriptions, and heard the name "Yorke" repeated continually, a sadness grew upon her.

They had been princes, kings in this old house, sacred to the memory of generations of their race, and she—what was she but an interloper, all unworthy to stand within the walls of Rainford Hall, to touch with even a little finger the shabby, well-worn, but historic furniture hallowed by how many memories!

Mrs. Gaston, the housekeeper, led them up the broad stairs—a dead and gone Yorke had once, for a wager, ridden a favorite hunter up those same stairs—and along the corridor, with its old (and useless) organ, to the bedrooms. Nance was ushered into a large apartment, with huge, old-fashioned furniture, and one of the maids, who had followed on Mrs. Gaston's heels, offered Nance her services.

"Mrs. Gaston said I was to be your maid, miss, if you did not bring one," she said, respectfully.

"No, I have not brought one; I never had one," said Nance, not awkwardly or with the slightest sign of embarrassment. "What is your name?"

"Sophie Wood, miss, if you please," said the girl in her country ascent; and she proceeded to take off Nance's coat and hat.

"Have you been at the Hall long?" Nance asked.

"No, miss. I'm not one of the regular servants. I've only come in when Sir Terence had ladies staying at the Hall; but Mrs Gaston engaged me in case you should not have a maid."

"Very well," said Nance; "you shall stay."

The girl was pretty, and had a pleasant voice.

"But I do not think I shall want you very often. I have been accustomed to dressing myself. You have been at the Hall often?"

"Oh yes, miss. Sir Terence used to have a sight of visitors sometimes," Sophie replied with a sigh, which she vainly endeavored to suppress. "It's only of late, since—since the trouble began, that there haven't been any visitors."

"Is Sir Terence a very old man?" Nance added.

It was not to be wondered at that these Yorkes whom she had "turned out" should be interesting to her.

"Oh, no, miss. For his years, he's quite a youngish man. He's called—begging his pardon, miss—Evergreen Yorke. Poor gentleman!"

Nance looked at her inquiringly, and thus encouraged, the girl ran on—

"Of course, it's a terrible blow to him, miss. I don't think he realized, as you say, that he had had to go until a fortnight ago. Then he came down from London, where he was stopping with young Mr. Yorke, who is ill, and broke it to us. He cried, miss, and we all cried. Oh, I beg your pardon, miss," she stammered as Nance sighed and hung her head. "Of course, no fault of yours. Quite the contrary. The old place had to go, that's certain. I've heard Mr. Bulford—that's the butler, miss—say so many and many a time. You see, miss, the family—I mean the Yorkes—was always so extravagant. I've heard Mr. Bulford say that if they'd the Mint or the Bank of England, they'd have spent it. Shall I do your hair afresh, miss?"

"No, no," she said. "It does not matter."

She rose and looked out of the window. They had given her the best—the south room, and a delightful view of velvety lawns, of gorgeous flower beds, backed by the kingly oaks and elms of the park, stretched before her.

And it was all hers! Little wonder if she felt overwhelmed and confused. She who only a few months ago had earned her living by making lace!

As she left the room she met Mr. Graham in the corridor. He rubbed his hands cheerfully.

"Beautiful old place, eh, my dear? Gad, I don't know where you'd find its equal! After all, I doubt whether we paid too much for it. Family portraits," and he waved his hand towards the wall, where hung presentments of the Yorkes, limned by Kneller, Van Dyke, Lawrence, Reynolds and Millais.

"Which is Sir Terence and his son?" asked Nance.

Mr. Graham fixed his eyeglass.

"That is Sir Terence," he said; "painted by Fildes. Handsome man, isn't he? Painted years ago, of course. His son—his son—" he gazed at a vacant place on the wall. "Oh, yes, I remember. Sir Terence's lawyer asked that the portrait of Sir Terence's son might be removed, and—I hope I did not do wrong—I consented."

"Oh, no, no," said Nance.

They went down to the dining-room, where luncheon had been laid; but Nance could not eat or drink, though the cook had done her best, and the butler—no doubt grudgingly—had put on the famous Yorke claret.

The portrait of Sir Terence haunted her, came between her and her plate. She saw the old man weeping as he took leave of his old retainers. Mr. Graham and Lady Dockitt did all the talking; but even Mr. Graham seemed depressed, as if the greatness of the old family had cast its shadow over him.

Just as the luncheon was being brought to a conclusion the butler approached Nance with a card on a salver.

She took it and started.

"Sir Terence Yorke!" she read, aloud.

Mr. Graham uttered an exclamation.

"Sir Terence!" he said. "What can he want——"

"Christine is tired, and cannot be expected to see him," said Lady Dockitt, glancing at Nance's pale face anxiously.

Nance gazed at the card in silence for a moment, then she said in a low voice—

"I will see Sir Terence."

"Sir Terence is in the library, miss," said the butler.

Mr. Graham rose with her.

"Shall I go with you, my dear?" he asked.

"No," said Nance, gently. "I—I think I will go alone."

A footman led the way to the library. It was not so large as some of the rooms, but it was quite as imposing as any. One of the Yorkes had been bookish, and the choice collection was bound with appropriate richness. Rosewood shelves, with Wedgwood plaques and antique panels of carved ebony, were the principal features of the apartment.

Sir Terence stood by the window, looking out upon the lawn. He was very pale, and very sad-looking. Evergreen Yorke he might be still, but the winter of a heavy sorrow had frosted the abundant hair, and drawn fine but unmistakable lines on the handsome face.

He turned as Nance entered, and at sight of the graceful girl, whose beautiful face was as sad as his own, started visibly. Perhaps, like the servants, he had expected to see a vulgar young woman, a parvenue of the most pronounced type; and this slim girl, with the wonderful hair and her still more wonderful eyes, took him by surprise.

In all England there was no better judge of a woman than Sir Terence, and at once he recognized Nance's face and beauty.

"Miss Harwood?" he said with a bow. At the sound of his voice Nance experienced a strange sensation. It seemed to her as if she had heard it before; more, as if it were familiar to her.

"I am Miss Harwood," she said standing with her hands folded before her, her lovely violet eyes downcast.

"I am afraid you will regard my visit as an unwarrantable intrusion, Miss Harwood," he said, "and it is very kind of you to consent to see me. May I plead, as my excuse for asking for this interview, that I was one of your father's oldest friends, and that—that I am come upon a mission which I trust you will recognize and honor?"

"I—I am glad you have come," said Nance.

Sir Terence, as he listened to the sweet low voice, was conscious of another shock of surprise. In all his life—and it had been a life spent amongst refined womanhood—he had never heard a sweeter "more fetching" voice. He glanced at her again, and was so absorbed in noting the beautiful face, with its auburn hair and violet eyes, its gentle melancholy, that it seemed as if, for the moment, he had forgotten his "mission."

But Nance's silence and her attitude of expectancy recalled him to himself and the object of his visit.

"Yes, I was one of your father's oldest friends," he said. "We were at school together."

"Tell me about him," said Nance, impulsively.

Sir Terence sighed.

"There is not much to tell. He was always the clever one, and I always the stupid one. As it was in boyhood, so it was in later life. Your father, Miss Harwood, devoted himself to making money, I—to spending it; the inevitable result followed, I became poor, your father—rich. I fear——" he paused a moment—"that *for a time we became estranged. As fate* willed it, your father and I fell in love with the same girl. I married her. I am afraid your father never forgave me. Well, well, it is a long time ago. It is all over now! She is dead; he is dead! We have to deal with the present. Miss Harwood, you are the mistress of the Hall——"

"I—I am sorry," said Nance.

Sir Terence waved his hand, but it shook visibly.

"You have no cause to be," he said gravely. "It is all fair. I have had the money. It is right that Stephen, or you, should have the Hall and the land. Don't think, my dear young lady, that I have come to whine over the just and inevitable course of things. "No, no; I am here on a very different errand. I have come to plead for my people—I beg your pardon, your people," Sir Terence continued. "I am afraid you will find the estate in great disorder. I am afraid that—that I have not done the best for it. The tenants are accustomed to paying their rents when and how they could, or not at all. Some of them are in arrears; most of them have been on the estate for years, I might almost say centuries. They have looked to us Yorkes to help them—to be, shall I say, merciful to them?—and—and we have always humored them. I am afraid it is the worst-managed estate in the United Kingdom."

He paused. Nance leant her head upon her hand and gazed at him.

"When the tenants have not been able to pay their rents, I have forgiven them. I daresay there has been a great deal of deceit and misrepresentation; but—but, well, they are like children, and—and so it has been."

Nance sat silent for a moment, then she said in a low voice—

"What do you wish—want me—to do?"

"I scarcely dare ask you," said Sir Terence, "but if I dared, I would beseech you to deal mercifully with them. They will all pay in time—heaven knows when!—but they will pay, and—and I beg you to give them as much grace as you can. It is a great deal to ask; but—but——"—he looked straight into the sad violet eyes—"I feel that I can dare to ask it."

Nance raised her head.

"I will listen to all they have to say," she said, "and will do as you ask."

Sir Terence rose.

"Thank you, thank you, Miss Harwood. I thank you not only for myself, but for my son, who—who would have succeeded me but for—but for—but for my own folly and—and extravagance!" he wound up with a sigh.

"Your son?" said Nance in a sweet, low voice.

Sir Terence seemed to struggle with his voice.

"Yes, Miss Harwood, I have a son. If—if I had been more careful, more economical, this, the house of his fathers, would have descended to him. But—but I have not been careful. I have wasted my, and his, heritage, and——" He paused and turned his face away. "I am almost inclined to thank heaven that my poor boy is not in a condition to understand, realize the terrible misfortune which has befallen him."

Nance raised her head again.

"Why—does he not?" she asked.

Sir Terence passed his delicately-scented handkerchief over his face.

"He is very ill, Miss Harwood," he said. "Very ill indeed. He met with an accident. A bolting horse which he stopped—concussion of the brain—insensible for weeks—even now quite unfit to realize that—that the old place has passed from him forever."

"I am very sorry," said Nance. The tears were standing in her eyes. "Is—is there anything I can do, Sir Terence?"

She paused, and the color rose to the ivory pallor of her face, lighting it up so that Sir Terence was constrained to exclaim, almost aloud—

"How beautiful!"

"Sir Terence, I—I—am rich, so they tell me. If—if—if——"

Sir Terence flushed, and held out his hand.

"If you will kindly bear with the tenants on the estate, Miss Harwood," he said; "if you will kindly remember that they have been spoiled—that they—are like children——"

He stopped, and his eyes filled with tears.

Nance held out her hand.

"I will remember," she said, almost inaudibly.

Sir Terence took the hand; he could not, as a man of the world, fail to notice its exquisite shape or its delicate texture. He raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"*Good-bye, and—and thank you!*" he murmured, with tears in his voice, if not in his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CROWS—When passing through the meadows on my way to work one morning I observed a crow pecking in a small pool formed in the walk by the previous night's rain. Being curious to know what he was so vigorously engaged with, I came cautiously forward and saw it was a crust of bread, which he was apparently softening in the water. On my approach he flew away and lighted on the grass some twenty yards off, and then commenced to peck away with seeming pertinacity. I passed on for a short distance, still keeping my eyes on him, when he started again for the pool, tossed in the crust, and turned it over two or three times in the water, at the same time testing, as I thought, the softness of it. While the crow was thus engaged, another man came along and disturbed him at his breakfast, whereupon he lifted his crust, flew to some distance on the grass, laid it down, opened up a tuft of grass with his bill, put in his bread and carefully drew the grass over it again and immediately flew away. Now his purpose is steeping the crust and hiding it in the tuft of grass I can understand, as I have no doubt he intended coming back for his meal when it would be in a condition better suited for mastication; but the question is, how was he to find again this particular tuft of grass among the thousand around it? He took no note of the locality, so far as I could observe.

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WHAT THEY EAT.—An idea seems to prevail among foreigners that the Chinese live on rice and rats. There is no greater mistake in the whole dictionary of errors which are current concerning the Chinese (says a traveler lately returned from the Flowery Land). In northern China, the common people are too poor to afford rice, and they live upon millet, wheat and corn. The fish, too, are among the finest of the world. You can buy quail and snipe and venison, and one could not see finer mutton than that furnished by the fat tailed sheep of north China. There is no country in the world where so many fowls are eaten, and there are numerous chicken farms, duck farms and goose farms. In every Chinese city you will find stores which do nothing but sell smoked ducks and geese.

### VESPER-TIME.

BY W. W. LOVE.

The birds from meadow lands afar,
Have wandered home to nests amid the pines,
The sun fires in the regal cloud girt west
Have faded out to crimson lines.
The laugh of children in the woods,
Had died in echoes on the hill,
The vesper bell across the mead
Rang musical and then was still.

The day night's mantle round her drew
And went across the harbor bar,
And from the ether blue above,
In silver light came star on star.
Then from her path the radiant moon
Came through the blue with placid light
And to the fairies wishing well
We wandered through the night.

# A Double Trap.

BY A. G. R.

ROMEO, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Juliet, in a large straw hat and a white frock, was leaning over a gap in a somewhat dilapidated stone wall. Romeo, in a light tweed shooting suit, was standing on the grass by the wayside looking up at her. The time was high noon on a bright, sunny day early in autumn.

"Wherefore, indeed!" replied the young man promptly. "I'm sure I don't want to be Romeo a moment longer than I can help."

"Well, to be sure, you are very polite, sir!"

"Ah, you know what I mean! I don't want to be Romeo because—because I wish to play Benedick. 'Benedick the married man.'"

"Patience, Arthur; patience."

"And haven't I been patient? Why, let me see, we've been engaged three months now!"

"Three months—twelve weeks," retorted Juliet lightly; "and Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel."

"Yes, yes," cried Arthur pettishly; "but Jacob was a patriarch, and had any amount of years to play with. Life's too short for that kind of thing nowadays."

"Still, we must wait. You know that I'll never marry without papa's consent."

"I do," he answered gloomily, "and I also know that I can't marry without the governor's. It's a lively prospect."

"Well, we must hope for the best," replied the girl cheerfully. "Papa may come round at any time."

"That's just it. He may come round at any time and catch me here, and then we may look out for alarums and excursions, followed by banishment, of course."

"And we have no Father Lawrence to assist us," sighed Juliet.

"No; we must depend upon our mother-wit. We must resort to stratagem, Lily, dear. For some days I have been wrestling with a gigantic idea, and I think I've licked it into shape at last. What do you say to a plan which promises to reconcile both our stern parents to the idea of our union?"

"It must be a wonderful plan," cried Lily, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"And, still better, to reconcile them in time to each other?"

"It must be a very wonderful plan," said Lily again; but this time she shook her head doubtfully.

"Well, I think it is rather good," replied Arthur, with the honest pride of an inventor. "But listen, and then let me have your opinion of it."

And without further preface he began to disclose its beauties.

Lilian Grantley and Arthur Curtis were—or, at least, thought themselves—the most unhappy pair of lovers since the time of "Juliet and her Romeo."

Their father, two of the chief landowners in the small Midland county of Fenshire, were at daggers drawn. Yet they had once been fast friends, and were still near neighbors. Their estates "marched" together, and they had long entertained the idea of uniting their properties by a marriage between their children.

Unluckily, when Lilian was sixteen and Arthur some two years older, a grave political crisis arose, and their fathers, who took opposite views of the situation, allowed themselves to be drawn into all the storm and turmoil of a contested election. In the heat of conflict words were spoken that could not easily be forgotten afterwards, and the result may easily be guessed.

When the election ended, their old friendship was a thing of the past, and, as there was no feminine influence to soften—for they had not been widowers for many years—they drifted more apart every day. Neither made any advances towards reconciliation, and in secret each was watching for a favorable opportunity to catch his former friend upon the hip.

They had not long to wait. Owing to the proximity of their estates, disputable points were always cropping up, which, while they were friends, had been easily settled or allowed to rest in obeyance, but which, now they were at variance, were quite as easily fomented into serious causes of quarrel.

First there was some unpleasantness about the trespassing of keepers, then there was a dispute concerning certain fishing rights and finally they became hopelessly embroiled over a right of way, which led them straight into the law courts. There they fought and bled, Grantley was the victor, and Curtis vowed vengeance. Thenceforward, on every public or parochial question that arose, they took opposite sides and became the heads of two hostile factions, and all their neighbors and tenants for full five miles round about were divided into Grantleyites and Curtisites.

Long ere this, of course, all idea of a marriage between their children had been abandoned, and the young people had been peremptorily bidden to think no more of each other. As a natural result, they began to think seriously of each other for the first time, and when, some four years after the commencement of the feud, they met in town, where Lilian was staying with an aunt for the season, they were already more than half disposed to fall in love with each other. At their first meeting they caught the infection, within a week they were sickening from the disease, and before the season was half finished the patients were entirely "given over"—to each other.

Their engagement was necessarily kept a close secret, however, for the feud between their fathers was at its height, and the enemies were just then engaged in a hot dispute over a patch of debateable land between their estates to which both laid claim. In itself this ground was utterly worthless, growing nothing but thistles of exceptionally fine quality; but had they been donkeys—as, indeed, they were—they could not have contested its possession more stubbornly, litigation setting in with great severity, and the combatants announcing their determination to fight the matter to the bitter end. In truth, they had worked themselves up into an almost rabid condition of hostility; and each was so fully convinced that he had been infamously wronged by the other, that he would have hesitated at nothing, and would have cheerfully adopted the most unscrupulous measures to be revenged upon his rival.

Such was the state of affairs in Fenshire when Miss Grantley came towards the middle of July, Arthur following her a few days later. With their return their real difficulties began. In town they had been able to meet frequently and freely; but in Fenshire they met seldom and by stealth, in a quiet by road skirting a secluded corner of Mr Grantley's park—an arrangement more satisfactory to Lilian, who liked what she called the "romance," than to Arthur, who dreaded the risk. That his meetings with Lilian could not long be kept secret, Arthur felt sure; and so he had set his wits to work, and, after much inward wrestling, had evolved the wonderful plan whereby he hoped to win his Lilian, and to bring peace to the distracted houses of Grantley and Curtis.

On the merits of that plan, however, it is not necessary to pass an opinion here. Suffice it to say, that, although Lilian did not display all the enthusiasm he had looked for, before the lovers separated they had agreed to make trial of it, Arthur promising to lead the way as soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself.

It was Mr. Curtis who, all unconsciously, furnished the required opening a few evenings later, when he and his son were sitting over their wine, for he broke the period of silence which ensued after the servants had withdrawn, by clearing his throat in a magisterial way that he always affected when he had anything of importance to impart.

"Do you know, Arthur," he began solemnly, "I think it's high time you married and settled down."

During the past year he had made the same remark, on an average, about once a week, but hitherto Arthur had always laughed it off evasively. On the present occasion, however, he replied boldly:

"Well, lately I've been thinking so myself, sir. But I must ask you to allow me perfect freedom of choice in the matter."

"Certainly, certainly," Mr. Curtis answered hastily, glad to see that his son was at last disposed to yield to his wishes. "I only make one stipulation; the girl must be a lady—if with money of her own, so much the better, but, if without it—well, you'll have enough for two. But have you any one particular in view?"

"Well, yes, I have," replied Arthur slowly.

"Glad to hear it," said his father, holding his glass up to the light, and eyeing its contents with approval. "Is it any one I know?"

"You used to know her very well, sir. If I marry any one it must be Miss Grantley."

"What!" roared Mr. Curtis, smashing his wine glass in his agitation. "That fellow's daughter!"

"Exactly, sir. Why not? You used to be very fond of her, and I'm sure she at least has done nothing to forfeit your regard."

"I have always had a very high opinion of her," Mr. Curtis admitted reluctantly. "She takes after her mother. To be perfectly candid, I must confess that, but for one thing, there is no girl in all the county I'd be so ready to welcome as a daughter—with or without a portion. She'd make a good wife, I feel sure, and her birth is almost as good as your own."

"In fact, sir," said Arthur triumphantly, "you only object to her because she is her father's daughter."

"And is not that enough?" Mr. Curtis burst out passionately. "The daughter of the man who has twarted, outraged and insulted me in every way! Who shut up our right of way to the quarry? Grantley! Who opposed me on the burning public question of the sewage farm? Grantley again! Who had the presumption to stand against me for the County Council? Once more, Grantley! And who, at this very moment, is trying to rob me of one of the most cherished portions of my estate—Tinker's Patch, which has been in our family for the last three hundred years? Why, Grantley—always Grantley! I assure you, Arthur, I would almost give you my right hand to be revenged upon this man."

"Less than that will do, sir," said Arthur coolly, quite unmoved by this outburst of indignant eloquence. "If you want to be revenged, you have only to give my right hand—to his daughter."

"What do you mean?" snapped Mr. Curtis fiercely. "This is no joking matter."

"I am not joking," returned Arthur quietly. "Supposing, sir—remember, I only say 'supposing'—I were to marry Lilian without your consent, what would you do?"

"Do?" bellowed his father, turn purple with wrath. "Turn you out of doors, cut you off with a shilling, and never see you again. That's what I'd do. I told you so years ago, and I meant it."

"Mr. Grantley said as much the same thing to Lilian, and he meant it," replied Arthur calmly. "Believe me, then, you'd irritate him far more by permitting our marriage than by forbidding it."

"Explain yourself," said Mr. Curtis, shortly, knitting his brows. "I've outgrown my taste for conundrums."

"It is very simple, sir. By forbidding our marriage, you act just as he would wish you to act, and play his game for him. But if you consent, what will happen? Why, Mr. Grantley, mortally offended, will play the Roman father, though he will be punishing himself far more than anybody else. Fond as he is of his daughter—who would not be?—he will voluntarily undergo all the pain of parting from her rather than pass over her disobedience to his commands. The chief part of the penalty will fall upon himself, but for all that he will inflict it."

"You think he would?" inquired Mr. Curtis thoughtfully.

"Has he not said so fifty times, and does he not pride himself on being a man of his word?"

"He's as obstinate as a mule," growled Mr. Curtis, "if that's what you mean."

"You put it forcibly, but evidently you understand me. Very well then, sir. He has deprived you of much of your local authority, he is trying to deprive you of your land, but, if you allow me to deprive him of his daughter, you'll be more than quits with him. And while you make the man you hate thoroughly miserable, you will be making two people you like unutterably happy!"

"You go too fast," exclaimed his father. "You speak as if you'd only my consent to win, and yet you haven't seen the girl for more than four years!"

"I saw her less than four hours ago," replied Arthur, and then he plunged into an account of their meeting in town and all that it had led to, while his father, scarcely heeding him, sat musing in silence over the new idea that had been presented to him. The more he thought about it, the better he liked it. Never before had he had such a chance of dealing a deadly blow at his enemy—for that it would be a deadly blow he did not doubt. By putting himself in Grantley's place, he could picture exactly what he would do if his child disobeyed him, and also how much pain it would cost him to play the Roman fool with his domestic happiness. He was convinced that, although his daughter was the light of his home, Grantley would cast her off if she married Arthur—and live unhappily ever afterwards. The temptation was too great for Mr. Curtis, and he yielded to it.

"I have come to the conclusion, Arthur," he said benevolently, "that it would not be right to fetter your choice. I will not run the risk of spoiling all your future life, simply because I happen to have a quarrel with the father of the girl you love. If you must marry Lilian, you must, and there's an end of it. But you'll never gain her father's consent, and of course you will understand that I cannot be mixed up in a clandestine marriage."

"You need not be, sir," cried Arthur eagerly. "Miss Grantley goes to town next month, and I must go there too at the end of the vacation." He had lately been called to the bar, but was still briefless. "With both of us in town, a secret marriage should be easy to arrange, for Lily is of age."

"Well, well, settle it as you like, but I wish to know nothing about it till it's over. When you're married, however, let me know, and I'll increase your allowance to enable you to set up housekeeping comfortably. There, there! No thanks. We'll talk more about this later, but now you must leave me, for I want my after dinner nap." And he settled down in his chair, murmuring to himself with a peaceful smile: "This will upset that fellow Grantley terribly, or I'm a Dutchman."

It was about a week after this important interview that a stormy scene was enacted in Mr. Grantley's drawing-room. Arthur's forebodings had been amply justified. A gossip had observed the lovers in the lane, and had at once decided that it was her "duty" to open "that poor dear Mr. Grantley's" eyes, and to tell him how shamefully his daughter was deceiving him. As a result, Lilian was now sobbing on the sofa and her father was stamping up and down the room, ranting like a transpontine bear.

"It's useless to deny it," raved Mr. Grantley. "Mrs. Havers tells me she saw you talking to that young Curtis in the lane. She could not be mistaken. She passed quite close to you, and her eyes are almost as sharp as her tongue is. Shame may prompt you to deny it, but I repeat that it is useless."

"I do—don't deny it," sobbed Lily from behind her handkerchief, "and I'm not ashamed of it. We—we're engaged."

"Engaged!" gibbered her father. "And you're not ashamed of it?"

"No!" retorted Lily with spirit. "Why should I be? I remember you used to think very highly of him yourself."

"I still do," he confessed, somewhat taken aback: "certainly he does not resemble his father in the least. He seems to be a promising young fellow. I believe his disposition to be a good one, and we must not allow prejudice to blind us to the fact that, next to ourselves, the Curtises are the oldest family in Fenshire. No, I have no objection to the young man in himself; but circumstances render any connection between us impossible."

"You refer, I suppose, to your—your misunderstanding with Mr. Curtis?" Lily suggested timidly.

"Misunderstanding do you call it?" snorted her father indignantly. "I understand him only too well. The man is determined to be the plague of my life, a perpetual thorn in my side. Has he not opposed me in everything—even in my labors for the public good? Did he not defeat me when I stood for the Council? And has he not actually had the audacity to lay claim to one of the most picturesque spots on my estate, Tinker's Patch, which has belonged to our family ever since there were Grantleys in Fenshire? And you say you are engaged to this man's son! I wonder you cannot see for yourself that it is totally out of the question."

"I know it is," said Lily sadly. "I know we must part—both for his sake and his father's."

"His father's!" sneered Grantley. "If that were the objection, I'd say let the marriage take place to-morrow. Pray, what have his father's feelings got to do with it?"

"He is so vindictive," sighed Lily, "and, oh! so obstinate. If his son disobeyed him, he would disown and disinherit him completely, and yet it would almost break his own heart to do it. You know how proud he is of his son, how entirely all his hopes and ambitions are bound up in him, and how barren life would be to him deprived of his son's society, but, if Arthur married against his wishes, he would turn him out of doors and never look upon his face again.

"He said so only the other day, and he would keep his word, although it would rend his heart, and though, by his own act, he would be devoting himself to a lonely, empty, and aimless existence!" she concluded, with just such a sigh of relief as a child gives when it has gabbled off its lesson correctly.

"By Jove! I never thought of that!" cried her father, obviously impressed. "You say he distinctly warned Arthur that he'd disown him if he disobeyed him?"

Lily nodded.

"Well, if he said so, the stubborn old ass will assuredly keep his word. He always does, when he has vowed to do something disagreeable. And so, if I permit this marriage, I do not lose a daughter but he loses a son. I must think this over," and he began to pace the room slowly, while Lillian watched him anxiously.

Her words had indeed given him food for thought. Supposing he were to connive at Arthur's marriage with his daughter, would he not be avenging himself more completely on his enemy than he could ever hope to do by any other means?

For years he had been aiming blows at Curtis without much apparent effect; but now Lily's words had pointed out a weapon with which he might deal a mortal wound. Then there was something that tickled his sense of humor in the idea of making Curtis his own executioner; and, if he lived to be a hundred, he was never likely to get such another chance of paying off all old scores in one sweeping reckoning. Besides, why should he make his daughter miserable when, by promoting her happiness, he would also be satisfying his own craving for revenge? In short, his thoughts were almost the same as Curtis's had been, and they led him to precisely the same conclusion.

"Lillian," he said at last, with majestic gravity, halting by her sofa, "I do not want to be harsh or unjust in any way; but answer this question honestly. Are you sure that you are not deceived in your own feelings; that this is no passing passion; that, in a word, you really and truly love this young man?"

"Yes," whispered Lily.

"And you believe that he is equally sincere, and equally devoted to you, eh?"

"He says so," replied Lily, almost inaudibly.

"Then never," cried Mr. Grantley, in a burst of noble emotion, "never shall it be said that I impeded the course of true love. Your happiness, my dear, must always be my chief consideration, and to promote it I resign my own wishes and prejudices without a sigh. Besides, I like the lad; I always did. He is unfortunate in his father, but he cannot help that. Let us be just, by all means, let us be just. As for Mr. Curtis, if he chooses to behave like a fool, let him. It he does not consider your feelings, why should you consider his? Confound his impudence! how dare he attempt to destroy my daughter's happiness? He deserves to be taught a lesson. I give my consent to this marriage. Arthur has a few hundreds a year of his own from his mother, I know, as well as his profession; and for the rest, your settlement will be more than sufficient to enable you to live in all comfort. And some day, when I am gone, you will be mistress. Of course," he continued blandly, "I cannot openly encourage a son in disobedience to his parent, however unworthy of respect that parent may be; but you are going to your aunt's next month, and if you choose to have a quiet wedding, you have my approval, though I cannot be present. However, I'll make a point of seeing Arthur during the week, and if our interview is satisfactory, you may make your own arrangements, about which I wish to know nothing. May your future be bright and unclouded, and may it never give me cause to regret that in this matter I listened to the promptings of my own warm heart, rather than to the cold and calculating counsels of prudence!" And Mr. Grantley struck an attitude of paternal benignity, chuckling to himself the while: "This will be a knock-down blow for Curtis, or I'll eat my hat."

In October the lovers were quietly married, and after a brief honeymoon they settled down in a pretty suburban villa, where they lived very comfortably on the handsome allowance that Mr. Curtis gave Arthur, and the substantial settlement Mr. Grantley had made on Lilian. Here they were occasionally visited by their fathers; but as th ir visits were never made concurrently, they never met, and consequently never suspected the trick that had been played upon them.

Ere long, however, the great Fenshire feud began to languish. In the first place, it was discovered that Tinker's Patch, the chief bone of contention, was really public ground, and, as a matter of fact, had never belonged to either of the disputants; and in the second place, satisfied that they had at last secured their revenge, Grantley and Curtis were no longer disposed to carry on the war with their former vigor. Moreover, now that Arthur and Lily were married, the old dream of "a ring fence" revived simultaneously in both their bosoms, and each looked longingly at the other's property, and decided that it would be a great pity to let it go out of the family; but as each fancied that he had wronged the other mortally, and feared that his advances might be repelled, neither took the first step towards reconciliation. Still, their old rancour was dead, and they ceased to attack each other, standing strictly on the defensive; and so, although peace was not yet proclaimed, an amnesty had virtually been concluded.

It had lasted nearly a year when, one autumn morning, Mr. Curtis received a telegram announcing that Lily had presented Arthur with a son and heir. Eager to inspect the curiosity, he caught the London express, and a few hours later was seated in the drawing room of the suburban villa, waiting for Arthur, who had gone upstairs to ascertain if the baby was "on view."

Suddenly the door was flung open, and a servant ushered in Mr. Grantley, who had also received a telegram and had followed Curtis to town by the next train. It would be difficult to exaggerate their surprise. For a full minute they stood glaring blankly at each other; but by degrees an idea dawned upon them, and astonishment gave place to pleasure.

"I see it all," thought Grantley. "His iron will has been subdued by the news of his grandson's birth, and, unable to hold out longer, he has hurried here to crown the happiness of the youthful couple with his forgiveness. It is a graceful act!"

"I understand," said Curtis to himself. "He has long been relenting, and makes the joyful news his excuse for yielding. He has come to be reconciled to his daughter over the cradle of her first-born. This is really touching!"

They cast a friendly glance on each other, and made a hesitating movement with their hands.

"And now that he has tacitly confessed his fault," mused Grantley, "shall I reproach him? Now that he has made the only reparation in his power, shall I say a word to mar the harmony of his reunion? Never!"

"No doubt his conscience has already sufficiently punished him for his folly," Curtis continued to himself. "And shall I, by a single word of reproof, introduce the element of discord on this auspicious occasion? Perish the thought!"

With one accord they moved to meet each other, and their hands, at first timidly extended, met in a long and cordial clasp.

"Grantley," said Curtis, with impulsive frankness, "I've been a fool."

"Curtis," said Grantley, resolving not to be outdone in generosity, "so have I."

"Well, they say there's no fool like an old one," resumed Curtis, forcing a laugh. "Let that be my excuse for many an action which I dare not attempt to justify."

"Neither of us can crow over the other, I fear," answered Grantley, with a guilty blush. "I, too, have done many things which I now most sincerely regret."

"I always was such a hasty fellow," Curtis continued, with a heavy sigh.

"You know my temper of old," Grantley murmured apologetically.

"Why, why, did we ever quarrel?" groaned Curtis. "I assure you the last five years have been the unhappiest of my life."

"And of mine," said Grantley, in a voice broken with emotion. "But 'doth not a meeting like this make amends?"

"Then all is forgiven?" exclaimed Curtis joyfully.

"And forgotten!" cried Grantley, with the greatest enthusiasm.

"This is as it should be, my old friend," observed Curtis, after a pause, wiping his spectacles. "Doubtless we have both been to blame, but let us avoid recriminations. Let us be content to renew our old friendship, and strive to forget that it has ever been interrupted."

"With all my heart," answered Grantley, using his handkerchief vigorously. "From this moment the last few years shall be blotted out as if they had never existed. Let us agree to bury the dead past in silence, and never again refer by so much as a word to our unhappy dissensions."

"It is a bargain," cried Curtis, "and there's my hand upon it!"

Once more they exchanged a hearty pressure, and the demon of discord fled for ever. And while they still stood hand-in-hand, the door opened, and Arthur entered with the nurse, bearing the olive-branch.

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TRIMMING A JUDGE.—Curran was often annoyed when pleading before Lord Avonmore, owing to his lordship's habit of being influenced by first impressions. He and Curran were to dine together at the house of a friend, and the opportunity was seized by Curran to endeavor to cure his lordship's habit of anticipating.

"Why, Mr. Curran, you have kept us a full hour waiting dinner for you!" grumbled out Lord Avonmore.

"Oh, my dear lord, I regret it much; you must know it seldom happens, but I've just been witness to a most melancholy occurrence."

"You seem terribly moved by it—take a glass of wine. What was it? What was it?"

"I will tell you, my lord, the moment I can collect myself. I had been detained at Court—in the Court of Chancery—your lordship knows the Chancellor sits late."

"I do, I do—but go on."

"Well, my lord, I was hurrying here as fast as ever I could—I did not even change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots?"

"Pooh, pooh! Never mind your boots—the point—come at once to the point of the story!"

"Oh, I will, my lord, in a moment. I walked here—I would not even wait to get the carriage ready—it would have taken time you know. Now there is a market exactly in the road by which I had to pass. Your lordship may perhaps recollect the market—do you?"

"To be sure I do; go on, Curran—go on with the story."

"I am very glad your lordship remembers the market, for I totally forget the name of it—the name—the name——"

"What the deuce signifies the name of it? It's the Castle Market."

"Your lordship is perfectly right—it is called the Castle Market. Well, I was passing through that very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf. He had a huge knife in his hand—it was as sharp as a razor. The calf was standing beside him. He drew the knife to plunge it into the animal. Just as he was in the act of doing so a little boy, about four years old—his only son—the loveliest little baby I ever saw—ran suddenly across his path, and he killed—oh, heaven! he killed——"

"The child! the child! the child!" vociferated Lord Avonmore.

"No, my lord, the calf," continued Curran; "he killed the calf, but—your lordship is in the habit of anticipating."

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HOW SHE CRUSHED HIM.—They sat in the parlor gazing at the natural gas flames as they chased each other over the asbestos surface. The two were Miss Bellefield and Mr. Van Braam; and the young man was in love with the young woman. He was doubtful of her feelings toward him, however, for she was not a girl to display her love, if she had any, until it was sought. The young man had not spoken. He dreaded the ordeal. He was fearful of the result. The conversation turned upon marriage, and, in the course of the discussion, Miss Bellefield said: "In Burmah the women propose to the men." "How I wish we were in Burmah," the young man replied, with a slight stress on the plural pronoun. "It wouldn't do you any good if we were," replied the girl, and Mr. Van Braam did not linger much longer that evening.

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ELECTRICITY FROM CITY REFUSE.—By "refuse" is meant the contents of dust-bins, slops, road sweepings, etc. A scientist has invented a combination of boilers, flues and steam-producing apparatus that will burn refuse at a cost of twenty-five cents a ton. The steam generated by burning the street sweepings and the contents of dust-bins of a large city will be sufficient to run dynamos enough to light the city, so that the lighting would cost almost nothing.

# Scientific and Useful.

LEATHER.—A leather dealer in France has a process by means of which leather is produced with a fine and short nap, which feels like velvet to the touch.

ALUMINIUM.—Aluminium is now used instead of steel for the nails and heel plates of the German soldiers' boots. The results expected are quicker and better marching, with less fatigue to the men.

CABLES.—The paper cables used in insulating electric wires in Chicago are made by wrapping strips of manilla paper around the wire and coating it with rosin and rosin oil. When sheathed in lead pipe these cables are said to be highly satisfactory.

OVER THE FALLS.—The project to build an aerial tramway at Niagara Falls is likely to be carried out the coming summer. The plan is to run a cage like car in a huge cable strung across the river immediately over the falls. It will be operated by electricity.

FIRE ALARM.—An electric fire-alarm now being introduced in Switzerland acts automatically through the expansion of a metallic rod under heat. This makes an electric connection, and it is said that the alarm is so sensitive that it is put in operation by holding a lighted match near it.

BY THE AID OF ELECTRICITY.—Experiments have been tried with the object of ascertaining the effects of the electric current on cane juice. A German scientist reports that a better product is obtained at much less cost and labor. The precise method is not given, further than the statement that a current of electricity is passed through the cane-juice, purifying and cleansing it far better than any known process of clarifying has hitherto done.

SPOONLESS.—A spoonless mustard-pot is a novelty recently invented, in which, by pressing a rod actuating a piston, the required quantity of mustard is forced out of the same through a suitable spout or opening. In this manner the air is excluded from the mustard, and hence it is always kept in a fresh condition. The pot is manufactured in either metal or china, and may be easily cleansed, whilst the mustard cannot be spilt should the receptacle get overturned.

# Farm and Garden.

PETROLEUM.—Crude petroleum is an excellent liniment for cuts, bruises, and sores on animals, and a bottle of it should always be within reach in the stable.

ASHES.—Save your wood ashes. They are not only excellent for orchards but are superior for grass lands. Ashes are rich in lime, as well as of potash, and serve all purposes for which lime may be used.

PROFIT.—Judging of the value of an animal by its weight will not enable the owner to learn if the animal affords a profit. It is the cost of the animal that gives the value. A small animal may give a larger profit than one that is heavier because its cost is proportionately much less.

POOR BUTTER.—Do not blame the creamery, says an exchange, for turning out poor butter, unless you, patrons, handle the milk properly while it is in your care. The making of good butter begins at least as soon as the milk is drawn from the cow. Even the best butter makers cannot mend your errors and negligence.

PAPER HORSESHOES.—The German government has ordered the use of paper horseshoes for the horses of the army. No nails are used, the shoes being attached to the feet with a kind of cement, which so far has given satisfaction, but the test of a severe winter and wet spring is yet to be made. The shoes are attached to the fore feet, iron being used on the hind feet.

TREES.—Woodhouse moor, a desolate stretch of useless country near Leeds, England, is said to be a striking example of the benefits derived from tree planting. Ten years ago it was a bleak, wind-swept tract of country, as barren and useless as could well be conceived. The place was shunned by all, and was absolutely of no value in any way. Trees were planted over it, and now that cheerless waste has been converted into a pleasure resort, with charming sylvan scenery.

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### When Are We Old?

A man is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks. The number of years is of less importance. There are old men, like the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, in whom youth—the youthful outlook is perennial. A friend asked Lord Palmerston when he considered a man to be in the prime of life. His lordship immediately replied, "Seventy-nine. But," he added, with a playful smile, "as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it."

Leigh Hunt quotes the following, which he calls "a delicious memorandum," from Mrs. Inchbald's Diary: "I dined, drank tea, and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. At dark, she and I and her son William walked out and rapped at the doors in New Street, and ran away." The narrator of this feat of a woman who was then middle-aged and a most popular authoress, adds, "but such people never grow old."

Some of us know middle-aged men who think it a hardship not to be allowed to play marbles, and even leap-frog. If they dared, they would still take part in boyish "larks." The death of Matthew Arnold, the apostle of "sweetness and light," was caused in his sixty-fifth year by leaping over a fence in a fit of juvenile high spirits.

Swedenborg imagines that in heaven the angels advance continually to the prime of youth, so that those who have been there longest are the youngest. Some of us have friends who seem to fulfil this idea. They preserve the freshness, guilelessness, hopefulness and elasticity of youth. They have put away the weakness, imperfection and immaturity of childhood; they retain its open mind and heart—"In wit, a man; simplicity, a child."

Many young men are more blase than their fathers; and there are girls who are more worldly wise and world-worn than their mothers. After talking with the venerable missionary, Dr. Marsh, a young man once said: "What is the use of being young, when one sees a man of eighty in better spirits than the jolliest among us?"

When an old lady who had devoted her life to others was congratulated, at the age of eighty-seven, on her remarkable vigor, she said: "They never so often told me I was young as since I have grown old."

This reminds us of the lady of ninety who said to Fontenelle, then eighty-five: "Death appears to have forgotten us." "Hush!" whispered the witty old man hastily, putting his finger on his lips.

The writer knows a lady who is "so well preserved" that she looks almost as young and is as much admired as her handsome daughter, who is engaged to be married. "How does she do it?" is the question of friends, who wonder and envy as they see her from time to time looking "younger than ever." To some extent, no doubt, she does not do it at all. It is done for her by the splendid constitution which she has inherited from a long-lived race. Then she had the advantage of being brought up simply and in the country. The roses of her youth were not blighted by late hours, heated ballrooms, and indigestible suppers. She has had few sorrows of her own; but she never denies sympathy and help to the sorrows of others. And this last fact is perhaps the chief reason why she wears so well, for nothing tends to keep the heart, and therefore the outward appearance, young as the nurture of kindly feelings and the practice of doing good.

Old age, then, does not depend on years so much as is generally supposed; but if we think only of years, when does it tap us on the shoulder and say that it has come to keep us company? This varies with each individual and the circumstances of his life. Aristotle said that a man is not at his best until forty-five. Other writers say that he is old then. The threescore years and ten of the Psalmist has been adopted by most people as the normal standard. Dr. John Gardner, who has written on "Longevity," remarks: "Long observation has convinced me that sixty-three is an age at which the majority of persons may be termed old."

Were people to observe moderation in all things—were our working classes as well fed, clothed and housed as they might be—and were the rich to abstain from the use of dangerous luxuries, including idleness, no end of disease and accidents would be averted, and the threescore years and ten would not be the ordinary limit, but the ordinary average of human life—as many living beyond that period as dying before it. Quiet consciences and contented minds keep away sickness and old age. So does the will to be well.

**As for youthful excesses, they have** been well defined as "drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date." A young man said to a man of ninety years of age: "How do you live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to some trees full of apples, said: "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth.

"As I approve," says Cicero, "of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind."

If men would only take as much care of themselves as they do of watches or other machines of which they have charge, they would not grow old and wear out nearly so soon.

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UNFAITHFULNESS, evasion of duty, sloth and self-indulgence are everywhere the foes of happiness, and nowhere more surely than in the family. They are largely caused in the home-circle by the unfair depreciation so frequently cast upon the share of labor that belongs to the wife and mother. Work that is undervalued or contemned is seldom done in the best manner, and so long as we measure the worth of labor only by the money that it will bring we cannot expect to see the best possibilities of the family life realized.

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FEELINGS cannot be summoned or dismissed by a single effort of the will. They spring unbidden, and stay without a welcome. Yet we can so regulate our thoughts, our associations, our reading, our employments, as to foster those feelings which in sober moments we approve and to restrain or gradually subdue those which are injurious. Especially can we, by a positive culture of the reason and judgment, assert and maintain their supremacy.

TRUE religion consists not in a nice orthodoxy, but in a sincere love of truth, and in a hearty approbation of and compliance with doctrines fundamentally good—not in vain flourishes of outward performance, but in an inward good complexion of mind—not in a furious zeal for trivial circumstances, but in a conscionable practising the substantial parts of religion.

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THE storms of adversity like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyage. The martyrs of ancient times in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security.

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THOUGHT engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper, another will follow it, and still another until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it the more clear and fruitful it will be.

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A SMOOTH sea never made a skilful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

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ONE must be sure of two things—love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, waiting your play to begin; and the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honorable for you to be doing something else.

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THERE is nothing in this world beautiful to man or woman whose entire world is themselves, and whose greatest pleasure is administering to their own selfish purposes, and whose soul never thrilled with the music born of generous impulses.

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THE aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

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PAIN and pleasure, like light and darkness, succeed each other, and he only that knows how to accommodate himself to their periodical return, and can wisely extract the good from the evil, knows how to live.

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REPENTANCE hath a purifying power and every tear is of a cleansing virtue, but these penitential tears must be still kept dropping; one shower will not suffice, for repentance is not one single action, but a course.

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IF promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman. Their very weakness is the charter of their power, and they should not be injured because they are unable to return it.

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HE that will often place this world and the next before him and look steadfastly at both will find the latter constantly growing greater and the former less to his view.

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IDEALS are the engines that draw men up to the higher planes of being. It is from ideals aspirations spring, and it is by them development is produced.

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TO do what seems right may involve an extra struggle sometimes, but one may be sure that in the long run it will bring the most happiness.

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PRESENT time and future may be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one must be expected to be discountenanced by the other.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

INVESTIGATOR.—**The civil day of the** Jews began at sunrise, and their sacred day at sunset.

CORNISH.—**Opodeldoc is made by dissolving** soap in alcohol, with the addition of camphor and volatile oils.

S. TURON.—**The consort of Richard II.,** Queen Ann, is said to have been the first woman in England who rode on a side-saddle. Previous to that time, it was the custom for women to ride astride.

G. R. T.—**Cacus, in heathen mythology,** was represented as a three headed monster, and as vomiting fire. He was a famous robber, and son of Vulcan and Medusa. It is said the avenues of the cave in which he lived were covered with human bones.

BATHER.—**Yes: Turkish baths are bene**ficial to persons undergoing any amount of bodily exertion, or who reside in a warm climate. They should not be indulged in too frequently, as they not only remove the matter already secreted, but also promote fresh secretions, which deprives the blood of nutrient material and greatly tries the strength of the individual.

READER.—1. **No; the Druids were divided** into three classes: the bards, priests, and lawgivers (or judges). To distinguish them from the people they wore long beards, long white robes, carried a wand, and wore a mystic symbol round their necks, called "the Druid's egg." 2. The term "Druid" is supposed to be derived from the Greek "Drus," meaning "oak," to which they were superstitiously attached.

STANDARD.—**When a rifle ball is de**flected from its course it is said to immediately resume its line of flight after rimming the object it is unable to pass directly through. In other words, a ball turned from its course by a rib passes under the skin until it reaches a point mathematically opposite to the point where it entered the body, and then passes out, resuming its exact line of flight, if it still retains enough of its initial velocity.

M. E. B.—**The Circassian circle is danced** as follows:—The company is arranged in couples round the room—the ladies being placed on the right of the gentlemen—after which the first and second couples lead off the dance. Figure, right and left set and turn partners, ladies' chain, waltz. At the end the first couple with the fourth, and the second with the third couple recommence the figure, and so on till they completely go round the room, when the dance ends with a waltz all round.

ONLY.—1. **It is found by careful calcula**tion, based upon observations registered by the Babylonians, that the moon in those ancient times must have occupied several more days in completing her revolutions than she now does. Hence it is concluded that this faithful satellite is drawing nearer to the earth, and, should her progress remain unchecked, consequently to destruction. 2. The moon has no inhabitants. Eternal winter reigns over its rocky, sterile, desolate domain.

D. F.—**Brussels carpets are made of linen** and worsted, but only the worsted shows on the upper side. The under part looks like a coarse linen cloth. The worsted yarns are woven like velvet over wires which are laid across the warp from one side to the other. These wires are afterwards drawn out, leaving the worsted yarns standing in a row of loops across the carpet. The surface of all Brussels carpets is made up of these rows of little loops, of which there are sometimes more than three hundred in a yard.

MUSCLE.—**Statistics are said to show that** young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of twenty-eight years. One prominent scientist asserts, as the result of his observations, that young men do not attain the full measure of their mental faculties before twenty-five years of age. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are thirty, and little boys until they are twenty-five," and this accords with the standard of manhood, which was fixed at thirty, among the ancient Hebrews and other races.

ELPHA.—**The rarest of all gems is not** the diamond, which follows after the ruby. This in its turn allows precedence to the chrysoberyl—popularly known as the cat's eye. The true stone comes from Ceylon, though Pliny knew of something similar under the name of Zimilampis found in the bed of the Euphrates. Can we wonder, when we look at one of these singular productions of nature, with its silvern streak in the centre, and observe, as we move it ever so slightly, the magic rays of varying light that illumine its surface, that it was an object of profound reverence to the ancients? The possessor was supposed never to grow poorer, but always to increase his substance.

ARTHUR F.—**Modern science declares** the sun to be a vast globe of matter, either melted by intense heat or white hot. This fiery globe is surrounded by an ocean of gas, and this gas is on fire. This ocean of fire, enveloping the heated solid body or liquid mass of the sun, is estimated to be about fifty thousand miles deep. The stars are all suns, many of them thousands of times greater than our sun, and affording vastly more light and heat than does our sun. Were our globe placed as near to some of these stars as it is to the sun, all animal and vegetable life would not only be instantly destroyed, but all metals, and even the very rocks, would be melted, and the whole reduced to a molten or liquid state, as it was thousand of years before it cooled down and assumed its present form.

### AT EVENTIDE.

BY S. WYNN.

The moon ascends from out the mist,
And trails upon the sea
Her golden garment's fringed ends,
And sweetly smiles on me.

High heaven gazes down on earth
With eyes of speechless love,
And peace upon my world-worn heart
Descendeth like a dove.

It is the hour when Faith beyond
This mortal veil may soar,
And commune once again with those
Whom earth can give no more.

It is the hour, beloved, when
I long thy face to see;
For ev'ry thought and hope and prayer
Are consecrate to thee!

## In Babylon.

BY J. F. R.

IT was the day of the marriage market in Babylon, which was held on the first day of every sixth month, to dispose, in a summary but most effectual manner, of all the marriageable maidens in the town.

The great square of Asshur was full of people, chiefly parents and their children, whom they were introducing to the inspection of the officers charged with the regulation of the auction, and endeavoring to have them entered on the lists of the "beauties" or the "frights," according as their own sense of dignity or regard for profit weighed heaviest on their mind. Two long parchment rolls were hanging up from the collars of a pair of winged bulls made of prophyry, which rose in the square; and on each roll was a goodly catalogue of names, to which there constantly came additions.

Fathers kept arriving with recalcitrant daughters; mothers with the same article of commerce; unmarried women of a certain age by themselves; widows in the green and yellow mourning worn by the Assyrians. Sometimes mothers and daughters would arrive hand in hand, and inscribing their names, one on one catalogue, one on the other, would take their places in the large pens or wicker enclosures, where swarms of women, of every rank, age, and degree, were waiting for the auction to begin which was to decide their fate, and get them, ere the afternoon closed, that most desirable of all commodities—a husband. They waited in tranquil confidence the issue of events.

What were these two rolls which everybody so ceaselessly visited as the preliminary to their entrance into the market?

At the head of one of them, written in cuneiform letters, were the word "The Beauties;" at the head of the other the inscription "The Frights." Each woman must make her choice of which catalogue she would prefer to be placed in.

Perhaps it may be conjectured that the second catalogue of the two would be a very diminutive one, and that no women would voluntarily enrol their names in a class so despised. But this is evidently a mistake, judging from the crowds who are inscribing themselves with complete nonchalance in the unenviable catalogue. The fact being that to rank as a "fright" brings certain advantages to its possessor, to be hereafter mentioned. So great is the run, indeed, on the latter roll, that certain officers are stationed—among them the chief matrons of the queen's household—to inspect the faces of the women who are so very anxious to pose as ugly, and to turn them back if they are prettier than they pretend to be.

In the neighborhood of the market, all round the square, at the open windows of booths and taverns are men carousing—the future bidders in the ceremony—who are thus beguiling their spare time till the blasts of the trumpet from the square shall summon them to take part in the proceedings.

Among these thus engaged in the wine-booths of the Pelican were two men playing dice with the large cork cubes employed for that purpose by the Assyrians, and rattling them in crystal boxes, made of that peculiar glass which may yet be seen by those who search for it among the ruins of Babylon.

One of them was losing furiously.

"By the foot of Nelo," he exclaimed, "my house, my money chest, my everything seems yours. I have but one more stake to play for—my luck in the marriage market to day, where I propose to recover my losses by the acquisition of a rich if not a very handsome wife."

"Her dowry be it then!" exclaimed his companion. "If she have any——"

"Be sure of that," replied the other, "or trust me I shall not be fool enough to jump into the sea of matrimony, where not even Dagon our god, fish though he be, managed to swim secure."

"Come along then," said his companion, rattling the cork dice inside the glass box. "I cast fifteen spots," and they were soon immersed in the interests of their game.

Fortune seemed to favor the intending participator in the auction. On the strength of the dowry of his new wife, he staked a thousand darics and won, which emboldened him to fresh efforts. Not content with his good fortune pure and simple, he resolved that everybody in the booth should share it likewise, and accordingly ordered flagons of wine to be opened and eatables provided for the benefit of whosoever liked to take them, saying that he was now on the winning side and every one should share his good fortune with him.

His luck at the dice continued to maintain itself moderately well. By drawing large instalments from the imaginary revenue of his future wife, he had managed to advance the materials for heavy bets which he frequently won, and so regained a great deal of the credited money he had actually lost; yet so deeply was he in his friend's debt, that when he rose from play he still owed him a large balance in addition to the fortune and possessions which at an early stage of the game had been lost outright. The signal of his rising was the blast of a trumpet from the market-place, which seemed to spread consternation and general bustle among all those in the booth, and to cause a stampede in the direction of the square.

The landlord had enough to do in nimbly intercepting his retreating guests before they reached the threshold, and exacting from them the price of their score before he would suffer them to depart. It now came to the turn of Phranzes—for such was the dice player's name—to undergo the ordeal of the landlord's interrogation.

"O man of Babylon," began mine host, "thou owest me forty-seven darics and a half for the brave entertainment that you have given to all the company here. I desire thee to give me the money therefore before thou goest and mixeth with the multitudes in the square where I may no more see thee."

"The money, no! my promise, yes!" replied Phranzes, endeavoring to push past him. "I am going to be married. I will pay all my debts out of my wife's portion—yours among the number."

"And are you one of those," exclaimed a woman's voice in the rear, and the wife of the landlord inserted herself between them and joined in the conversation, "who would take a plain and ill-tempered woman for the sake of the money she brings you, rather than stand up like a man and bid for the prizes in the market? Out upon you! May Astarte consume your nails by the brightness of her splendor!"

"I am one of those," replied Phranzes, "who do as they are compelled. I have your husband's bill to pay, and what's more my heavy debts elsewhere."

"Then in me," exclaimed the woman setting her arms a kimbo, "you do not see one of those sort of wives such as you seek. No! my husband paid fifteen hundred darics for me this day seven years on the feast of Baal on the day of the new moon. There were many pretty maidens in the market, and I was one of the dearest, I promise you."

"So I should suppose," replied Phranzes, endeavoring to mollify her, "from the large amount of good looks you retain to the present day. Why, if you were to stand in the market this moment, I wager my purse, if I had one, that you would command the largest price of any woman your age."

"A dear bargain she has been to me," remarked the husband, interposing. "When I add up all the apparel and jewels she has cost me, let alone the price I gave for her, I feel that I should have been a rich man now, if I had only had the luxury of never setting eyes on her."

"You see what it is," said Phranzes endeavoring to side with the husband in turn. "You should have taken my plan when you were at it. You entered the market a rich man, you left it a poor one with an encumbrance; I enter it a poor man, I leave it a rich one."

And as he said these words he again attempted to thrust his way past to the market place, where the trumpet was clamorously summoning intending buyers to the auction now being held.

"Pay us our score!" screamed husband and wife together, at variance on other points, but united in this. "Pay us our score before you stir from the door."

"My good people," expostulated Phranzes, "it is all in vain. See," and as he spoke he turned the pockets of his long red robe inside out before them, "I have actually got nothing. Let me go. Every moment is of the highest importance to me. A slight delay may be my ruin."

"Pay us our score!" repeated the host and hostess.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Phranzes, after an unsuccessful effort to free himself. "I will give you a promise under my seal, or under yours since mine has departed from me, to pay you the full sum out of my wife's dowry this evening. I will seal and attest it, and thereby order you to prepare the best supper you can provide, since I will bring her with me to taste the entertainment of your house."

After much demur, the bargain was agreed to in default of any better. The landlord produced a leaden seal and a stick of yellow wax; and drawing a sheet of papyrus from a cupboard he hastily drew upon it with a sharp steel instrument various cuneiform symbols, purporting to express the method of payment which Phranzes had proposed. The wax was heated; the seal was applied; and Phranzes sprang out of the window of the chamber which opened on to the great square of Asshur just as the last notes of the trumpet had died away, and simultaneously, as was always the case, the auction had commenced.

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His efforts to push his way through a surging crowd so far delayed him that the bidding had been going on some little time when he arrived at the scene of action—a broad space kept sufficiently select by ropes and other barriers as to be free from the jostling multitudes in the square at large, and itself filled with men who meant business: intending husbands, duly authenticated by name, who were so placed that they might command a close view of the bevy of beauty which time after time was being submitted to the hammer.

A flat form elevated almost to the chins of the purchasers rose opposite them, on which the auctioneer stood, and whereon *the girls were conducted one by one from* the pens behind, where, separated in classes and divisions, they awaited the summons of the auctioneer.

The precise specimen of beauty who was commanding the attention of the public when Pranzes arrived before the platform was a Babylonian girl of surpassing beauty, with long black hair reaching almost to her knees, and exquisitely chiselled features of that dark olive shade so common among the Assyrian maidens. Her handsome dress of green and gold set off to advantage an elegant figure. Five thousand pieces of silver had been offered for her and refused. At last a fat merchant of the town, who was anxious to quit the state of single blessedness, bid a couple of hundred extra and secured her at that figure. The money was paid over to the clerk of the auctioneer, a receipt was duly given, and the maiden walked down from the platform into the arms of her husband amid the cheers of the crowd.

A beauty of quite a different type succeeded. She hailed from the northern provinces of Assyria, and was only a Babylonian by education and bringing up. Her face lacked the swarthy tone of her predecessors, her eyes were blue and her hair blonde—an unusual sight in a city of dark-skinned inhabitants, and evoking a variety of staff from the crowd to the effect that her hair was bleached, etc.

She was really a very handsome girl, and among those who admired the style of beauty peculiar to the northern provinces would be reckoned a paragon of loveliness. She did not find much favor with purchasers, however, and was sold for no more than two thousand five hundred pieces of silver, a considerable drop from the price of the preceding lady.

Girls of various types of charm—handsome, beautiful, pretty, and pleasing—were escorted up to the platform and submitted to the bidding of the crowd. By the time the many had dwindled into hundreds, there could be said to be few striking faces among those put up for sale. Hundreds lapsed into two figures—and quite ordinary maidens were brought in at the latter money.

By-and-by this came to an end. A Jew offered seven pieces of silver for the last one, but this bid the auctioneer refused to accept, saying that there was no reason that the lady should be insulted by the remembrance of so small a purchase-money, and that she should be brought down and again submitted in the next batch, when the Jew could have her if he liked.

This batch was entitled "The Plain." According to the graphic language of the auctioneer who marshalled the "plain" maidens in a group on the platform—since as there was to be no bidding for them, there was no necessity that they should make separate appearances—a careful selection had been made by most experienced connoisseurs in female beauty, and the maidens here exhibited, although they might possess many charms of mind and temper, showed very few of face.

Consequently their feelings were not to be harrowed by competition against others of their sex more favorably endowed by nature, nor were they to be ridiculed hereafter by the stigma of being sold for one piece of silver. No! The magistrates in their wisdom had ordained that the "plain" maidens should be given away. "And here," continued the auctioneer, "I offer any single one of these interesting young ladies as a wife to anybody who likes to have her."

The Jew who set his heart on the maiden for whom he had offered seven pieces, very soon came to terms on the understanding that he was to give nothing; and carried off his bride in triumph. Husbands were found for a good many of the girls. A few were left unmated; and amid a great deal of good humored raillery were driven down into the pens again to come up with the third and final batch.

With much solemnity the auctioneer produced the great scroll which had been hanging at the entry of the auction platform, and commenced to read the names of the next class who would be introduced to the attention of the public, graphically headed "The Frights."

"Most of these ladies," he said, "possessed some personal defect—such as a squint, a humpback, a lame limb, and sundry other failings of nature—and it has been the wisdom of the government to grant them portions out of the sums acquired by their more beautiful sisters, so that all shall be happily married, and that the city of Babylon shall not possess an old maid within its walls, not even though she be as ugly as Hecate and as ill-tempered as the Furies of the infernal *regions.*"

It was now Phranzes' time to come forward, which he accordingly did, and planted himself as near the platform as possible—not, probably, to see his destined bride and regale his eye with her features, but rather to be close to the auctioneer that he might strike the bargain promptly and successfully. Around him were a number of dissolute and impecunious fellows, who were evidently on the same errand as he, and were in hopes to pay their debts by "swallowing," as the Babylonian adage went, "the portion of a wife."

The Frights were brought on to the platform one by one, as the Beauties had been, and first of all a few very plain girls, who scarcely deserved the severer designation, were put off with portions of twenty, thirty, up to a hundred pieces of silver apiece. But after that there was a considerable reluctance among the male candidates for matrimony, which needed all the auctioneer's eloquence to overcome.

The first Fright fully deserved the name. She possessed the most ill favored expression of face which nature could have devised, and wore an air of sullen temper which boded ill to the unfortunate who took her for better or worse. The auctioneer, in his endeavor to recommend her good points, told his customers to look at her hair which was black and glossy, her eyes which sparkled with everlasting fire, her shoulders which were broad and masculine; and wound up by offering two hundred pieces of silver to anybody who would marry her.

"Not good enough!" cried a man in the crowd. "Why, for such a woman as that we should want five hundred at least."

There seemed to be a sort of confederacy among the intending husbands according to which they worked together; for none of them would accept the first Fright on the list under five hundred pieces, on which terms she was knocked down to a little Babylonian, who received the money with great glee, and walked off with his ill favored mate amid the hootings of the crowd.

The next lady was afflicted with a very pronounced squint, and with the additional inelegance of having one shoulder higher than the other. Six hundred, seven hundred, and eventually a thousand pieces were offered to an accommodating husband, and at the latter figure accepted. Several other women were portioned off at this price, and the crowds of husbands under the platform had got thinner.

Still Phranzes' turn had not come yet. He was well aware that a thousand pieces of silver would be no good to him in his embarrassments. The expense of the banquet at the wine-booth alone would make a very considerable inroad into such a sum; and when he added his gambling debts thereto, the figure was entirely insignificant. He must fly at higher game. So he said to the man next him,

"I shall be content," his neighbor replied, "with three or four thousand, and shall go at that bidding. I hear there's a bag in store of diabolical ugliness—the pick of this auction, and of all auctions within recent memory. Twenty thousand pieces will be wanted to make her go off; and they are prepared to give it. If you have a desire for the money, there's your chance. Still, I should go afraid to face her."

"Not I," replied Phranzes. "In my case necessity has no laws."

The man who had spoken "went"—to use his own phrase—at four thousand pieces. Phranzes saw the crowd of bushands rapidly diminishing, and in a short time there was only himself and a few others in the arena.

It was now that the auctioneer skilfully brought forward their "nerve"—the last woman in the show, for whose benefit they were prepared to spend a larger figure than had been known for some years past.

"It is true," they said, "that we left her to the very end; but that was not because we reckoned her the greatest Fright of all, but at her express desire that she might not spoil the competition of her sisters. We ourselves, individually, if one of us were single, would very willingly wed a lady like this, and in submitting her to your judgment for determination, we hope that you will come to a similar conclusion at the lowest figure possible. Approach, Meivanka!"

The multitudes in the square had gathered round the barriers in vast numbers to have a glimpse at this most ugly of all the Frights. The husbands six in number, who still waited in the arena, quaked at the prospect which was before them. But no tongue and no pencil could describe the fearful sight of transcendent ugliness which met the gaze of so many eyes when Meivanka appeared on the platform.

"Were I to recount," said the auctioneer, interpreting the thoughts of the people, now that the object was revealed to view, "all the imperfections of nature, all the blemishes, all the ungraceful, ugly, and hideous points of which humanity is capable, I never could exhaust the ugliness of this woman: for she seems in a manner to have exceeded mortal bounds in the matter, and to have created a species for herself in which she reigns the solitary representative!"

One look at the woman sent all the husbands scampering out of the arena, with the exception of Phranzes, who doggedly held the ground.

"I offer," said the auctioneer, "a dowry of twenty thousand pieces of silver to any Babylonian who will take this woman to wife."

A profound silence reigned through the whole square. Not a soul made a motion of reply. Phranzes also felt all inclination passed away from his white lips when he looked on the monster before him. But his eye fell almost simultaneously upon the wine booth where he owed the account which he had promised under seal to pay, and immediately to the right of it was the house of his principal creditor, Aalunes, who had obtained from him, in the gambling affray, all his property and every farthing of his cash, and at whose mercy he practically was, to dispose of, even into slavery, if the debts were not almost immediately discharged.

There was no help for it. Having gone thus far, he might as well see the matter to its end. And shutting his eyes, Phranzes murmured out in answer to the question of the auctioneer, "I will."

At once a storm of hooting and groans arose in the crowd such as it is difficult to imagine. Missiles came in a shower about the ears of the fortune-seeking husband, and the populace were with difficulty restrained by the officers from breaking through the barriers to mob him. The money, however, was paid to Phranzes, and the woman handed over to his possession, the priest pronouncing as he did so the legal formula that made them man and wife.

To touch her was a matter of horror to Phranzes; to look at her filled him with loathing. Nevertheless, being a man of gallantry, he extended to her the tips of his fingers with the view of conducting her out of the arena into the square. She trembled at the sight of the howling mob around, and, as his eyes once more fell on her, Phranzes saw that she was sobbing violently.

"Why are you weeping," he asked.

"Have I not cause to weep," said the woman, "at being conducted from my peaceful home and made the laughing-stock of the populace at my ugliness, which may the gods forgive? I fear the insults and missiles of the crowd without. I have passed such a day of anguish that I care not to live any longer. I have hitherto lived in seclusion by myself, far from eyes that could ridicule and tongues that could decry. I cannot bear these public affronts and jeers—their derision kills me. Whither art thou taking me?"

"To the wine booth garden," replied Phranzes, "where I have ordered an entertainment in your honor, and whither it will be my pleasure to conduct you as my wife."

"This is the first kind action I have ever had shown me. Would that I could reward you as I ought. I know what that reward should be, yet I fear to give it you."

They had now got into the public square, where crowds of people jostled and jeered them, handling them both very roughly. The unfortunate woman, almost beside herself with fright and shame, by the time they had arrived at the middle of the square gazed at the sea of faces round her in terror and dismay.

Suddenly she sprang from the arm of Phranzes into the middle of the crowd, who gave way before her as if she were some Pythoness in her frenzy, and left a vacant space around her.

"Oh, ye cowards and dastards!" said the woman. "Now I can reward my husband in a way such as never Babylonian woman has done before. He has kindly and nobly taken me for his wife, and he shall be spared the insults which will pursue him all his life on my account. The money he has received with me he shall keep; but he shall be rid of the ugly wife who gave it him, who thus confers on him the greatest boon it is in her power to bestow!"

As she said these last words she drew a knife from her bosom, and with one determined blow pierced her breast, falling dead at the feet of Phranzes. The crowd rolled back, terrified and amazed at the tragic conclusion to the auction, and hastily regretted that they had carried their insults too far. But Phranzes, after bestowing decent burial on the poor woman, who had so signally befriended him, was enabled by an extraordinary accident to pay his score at the wine booth, his debt to his creditor Aalunes, and to commence a new life which he managed with greater dexterity than his old one, so as never to require to visit the marriage market again with a view to supplying the necessities of his purse.

## The Men in Stone.

BY C. J. C. BYNE.

It is not always a desirable thing to come into possession of a large and beautiful estate. I used to think otherwise; but when I came to learn how, by your English laws, landed property could be hobbled by mortgage, and second mortgage, and third mortgage, and other mortgages, then I had to change my opinion. An active and fatal hereditary curse which I was forced to take up with the rest of the succession also helped in part to wrap my mind to this unorthodox opinion. My upbringing had been in the Western States of the Union; and when I landed in Liverpool, I was as firm a disbeliever and as eloquent a scoffer on the matter of family curses as any man in the Eastern hemisphere.

Afterwards, I came to change opinion; but that was not until I learned how this ban had horribly deprived no fewer than four of my own progenitors of life, and had seen with my own eyes what was left of their mortal bodies, monstrous in death.

My inheritance of the estate was a thing of blank surprise to me. I had almost forgotten its existence, so remote was my collateral relationship to the last owner. But when the lawyer's letter came which announced the succession, I gladly gave up nothing in Seattle, Washington State, and shipped to England, where I fancied a very considerable something awaited me.

I must confess, however, that after landing, my spirits were damped from the outset. The rambling Elizabethan house was gloomy as a cave. The family man of business who received me was a glum old file, whose talent lay in bringing up the darkest side of everything. I thought at first that he regarded me as practically a foreigner: looked upon me as an interloper.

But this was not so. Dismal as regards the affairs of the Devlin estate was the man's chronic attribute; and when I came to know more about my predecessors in the holding, I began to understand why this should be so. The lives and the ends of the men who had been before me as heads of that ill-starred family were not conducive to mirth on the part of any one who was paid to overlook them.

We were dining when Mr. Field, the lawyer, gave me a first brief outline of how my ancestors had fared, and I account it that I am stout-hearted when I say that the recital did not take away my appetite. Of nine men who had sat where I sat then, in the high carved chair at the head of the black oak dining-table, no more than three had died peaceably in their beds.

Of the rest, one had been slain in a brawl brought on by his own savagery; another had been done to death by some unknown marauder who would have despoiled him of his papers; and of other four, who should say how Fate had dealt with them? They were here to-day: to-morrow, they were not; and no man could say whence they had gone, or of what nature was their end.

"Of all of these unfortunate gentlemen, except one," said Mr. Field in conclusion, "I only know through the hearsay of history. But of the last victim of this mysterious ban, Mr. Godefroy Devlin, to whom you, sir, succeeded, I can tell you a little more. I warn you that the little I know is meagre and unsatisfactory; but I think right that you should hear it. Who can say but what, joined to other knowledge which you will acquire from the iron box of family papers marked 'Private,' it may help you (in some manner which I myself cannot discern) to avoid the fate which has befallen Mr. Godefroy and so many of his forebears?

"You must know then, sir, that the estate in Mr. Godefroy's time was, as it always had been, desperately encumbered. Mr. Godefroy was a thoughtful man; careful almost to nearness; and deeply impressed with his responsibility of putting the family affairs on a more sound financial basis. To this end he lived with the utmost quietness, and put aside every penny he could spare; I regret to say, without much visible avail. Monetary fortune seemed always against him. He left the estate as he found it fifteen years earlier, still heavily encumbered, as you will discover when to-morrow you go into the accounts.

"Please mark, then, that it was not till after fifteen years of ineffectual struggle—or, to be more precise, fifteen years and four months—that he made up his mind to attempt another course. He did it with a heavy sense of impending misfortune, and nothing but so protracted a series of dismal failures could have nerved him to the essay. And believe me here, sir, that I do not speak without the book. Mr. Godefroy told me all this himself; told me also that he had known of the venture he was now going to put to the test throughout all his period of possession; and nothing short of despair could have shouldered him into it. I sought to restrain him, considering it my duty to do this. He waived my suggestions impatiently aside. 'Mr. Field,' he said, 'I have been a coward now for fifteen years, and have despised myself afresh every morning I woke. Life on these terms is no longer endurable. If I succeed in restoring this estate, why, then, I do succeed; if I fail, I shall have died in an honorable attempt.'

"'What you tell me, Mr. Godefroy,' said I, 'is—pardon the comment—vague and mysterious. Surely some practical method could be found of avoiding the danger you so feelingly hint at. We live now in the nineteenth century, and I myself value as nothing a wordy curse propounded in the year of our Lord sixteen ninety: and I fancy that most other men are of my way of thinking. I cannot, of course, compel your confidence; I am speaking in a measure through the dark; but I cannot help thinking that if you shared this gloomy secret of yours with some responsible person, a means might be found whereby the dangers you allude to might be sensibly counteracted.'

"He broke out at me passionately. 'Do you imagine,' he cried, 'that I have not already thought this out a hundred score of times myself? Do you think me dolt enough to run into a horrible unknown danger if I could take with me a companion who could shield that danger aside?'

"Yes, sir, those were Mr. Godefroy's very words—'Horrible unknown danger;' and I judge from them that he was as ignorant of what he felt himself called upon to face as you and I are this moment. But I had no more from him. He curtly informed me that he was shortly about to make his attempt, and that if he disappeared, I was to 'presume' his death in the ordinary legal course, and put myself in communication with the next-of-kin."

The old lawyer prosed on till deep into the night, but I must confess that his droning tones well-nigh sent me into a doze. You see, I was American bred, and thought little then of ancestral curses, and vague dangers that could stand against a pocket weapon of 38 calibre.

As I have told you, later on I had my eyes opened; and an inspection of the papers in that iron box marked "Private" began the process.

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It was with a preliminary feeling of eeriness that I made the key grate through the rusty wards of the strong-box's lock. Sooner than let the papers which I was going to view pass into alien hands, one of my ancestors had delivered up life itself. The stiff hinges screamed as the lid swung back, and I was astonished to find the interior was well-nigh empty. It contained but one slim yellow packet, bound about with a thong of leather, and nothing beside, unless one takes account of some gray flue, and a blotch or so of ancient spider's web.

The packet was labelled on the outside in a mean cramped handwriting: "To my son, Anno 1690, Chaucer d'Evlin;" and underneath were dockets by the various holders—"Read by me, George d'Evlin, 1706." "By me, Armytage Devlin, 1723;" and so on down, and the signature of Godefroy Devlin, who had made perusal some sixteen years before myself.

Curiosity did not permit me to linger long over the exterior. Unknotting the thong, I dashed at once amongst the contents. Here, however, my haste was stayed. The crabbed old penmanship, the queer dead forms of expression, made a puzzle which I was many a weary hour in disentangling; and even when the task was completed, and a fair copy of what I judged to be the just translation lay on the desk before me, the import of it bewildered me much. The letter was merely a long vague rambling statement of fact. About this much-threatened curse there was no more mention than one finds in a table of logarithms.

Paraphrased, the contents amounted to this: The old gentleman who in 1620 put quill to that yellow paper, had by one means and another scraped together a goodly inheritance. But knowing the ways of the world, he foresaw it possible that some of his descendants, either through personal extravagance, or political uproar, or some other cause, might dissipate this, and stand in need. On which account he here spoke of a treasure hidden away, to be broached only in case of the most urgent necessity. To discourage its being unhoarded without due cause he warned any raider that the approach was a matter of trouble and much personal danger.

This made up the contents of the first two folios. The remaining sheet gave directions for unearthing the booty; and I had a sort of vague fancy that it was in a different hand of writing, as if (perhaps it had been) penned at some subsequent time.

The searcher was directed to a certain moor in the neighborhood (giving the name) "at a time when a low-flying moon shall cast the shadow of Wild Boar Pike into the fall of Stanton's Ghyll. At the point where the rim of this shadow cuts the midway line between the great stone monuments which uprear from the floor of the moorland, there lies a mossy cleft which receives a runlet of water. Within, this mouth widens, leading to the lip of a prodigious deep pit, which in turn gives entrance to the bowels of the mountain. In the depths below this lies that which if brought to shrewd use shall reset up this my house, which thou (my son) hast made to totter. Yet guard against being overlooked in that thy search, for should human eye espy thee, so surely shall this treasure which is buried for thy maintenance be reft entirely from thee."

Now it was the very plainness and simplicity of these instructions which troubled me. In this original document there was no mention of curse whatever; yet current gossip spoke confidently of an active ban, and the mysterious disappearance of those four Devlins (all of whom had read precisely what I read then) seemed to give definite ground for the rumor.

I puzzled over this point for many days, making neither head nor tail out of it, and at last resolved to go the one step further. Money I must have, or else return to the old drudging life on the Pacific slope. The

estate was dipped to the neck, and because of the cursed entail, I could not sell the acreage of a penny piece. I wrote to the next heir, telling him how matters stood. But he did not feel the pinch. He was a sordid fellow, rich himself, and gunmaker in Birmingham; and he refused to break the entail. To remain as I was, meant common starvation, neither more nor less. The warning of what happened to my four predecessors in the quest was grim enough, Heaven knows. But my needs were great, and they rode it down.

Too impatient to wait for moonlight, I set out there and then in the full glare of day for the upper ground. I found a wide upland plateau walled in on either side by steep gray cliffs of limestone. One of these ran up to Wild Boar Pike, a bare grim crag of stone that was an eminence for miles round. The Pike made a sky-line running up at a gentle slope from the north-east, till it finished in a little nipple of rock, and then being cut away vertically for a thousand feet as stunt as the end of a house.

The fall of Stanton's Ghyll was a patch of noisy whiteness two miles away in a slantwise direction on the opposite hill face; and the "great stone monuments" were two jagged outcrops of rock, which sprouted in bare loneliness from the flat floor of the valley.

It seemed to me at first blush that old Chaucer d'Evlin's cross-bearings were simple enough to work out, despite the slightly fantastic way in which they were written; and congratulating myself that I had no cause to blunder about the moor in the night time, I hazarded a guess at the course of the shadow, and set about searching for the cleft which received the little stream. All round me was rough bare brown moorland, patched here and there with pea-green plateaus of bog, and here and there with conical pits, where some cave in the limestone beneath had broken in. The place was noisy with the screams of curlew and the crowings of startled grouse.

I searched that day, and the next, and for the many days afterwards, but found no trace of entrance to the regions beneath. And then I took to poacher-prowlings by night; but many a weary black hour passed before a moon threw that Pike's shadow on to the waterfall.

Yet at last a chance was given me. The night was windy and full of noise; cold besides; and clouds were riding in the heaven at racing pace. The walk was a long and a rough one, and I sat down under the lee of a rock to wait. At times, the ring of the moon glared out with crisp distinctness, crawling along low in the sky below the Wild Boar's haunch. More often, the drift of cloud-banks eclipsed it. Then in its creeping progress it drew behind the upward slope of the Boar's back, and I lost sight of it altogether. I knew only of its presence from now and then a reflected glow from an upper stratum. But as it drew ahead, a fan of light stole out from the vertical wall of the Pike, and spread up the valley; and as the moon swept on, the edge of this light-fan drifted backwards down the valley, driving the black swath of shadow before it.

At last the creeping shadow of the Pike with the first moon-ray on its heels swung into the little gorge of the waterfall; and the valley floor was ruled in half by a clean line of inky black. I glanced up. One of the jagged stone "monuments" was brilliant in moonlight; the other bristled through the gloom behind me like some great uncouth beast; I was standing in the direct line between the two. The mark of the shadow cut this not a score of yards from my feet in the centre of a patch of oozy green.

A cloud drifted over the moon then, and the moorland was filled with cold rustling gloom. But I had learned enough to find out if old Chaucer d'Evlin's words were true. I had marked down the spot, and ran to it, with the dark bog-water squelching over my boots. But in the middle of the patch the water drained away; and listening, I could hear a silvery tinkle which came to my ears between the gusts of the gale.

With growing excitement I tore the moss away eager-handed. Beneath was wet shining rock, cleft with a two-foot gash that was floored with pebbles. Dropping down upon those away from the draught of the gale, I lit my lantern and found before me a gallery sloping gently downwards with the strata. It was partly earth fissure—partly water-worn; and it led me along for forty yards. Then I stopped and saw before me evidence of those who had been there before.

In the rock floor was a shaft, fluted and smoothed, descending vertically downwards towards I knew not what abysses. It was a formation common enough in limestone, and known as a Pot.

Across the mouth of this was a new-cut beam laid, and from the beam depended a knotted rope which hung lankly and wetly down till my lantern's glow could trace it no farther in the heavy darkness. Down that rope Godefroy Devlin had met his fate; down other similar ropes three of his forebears had preceded him into eternity.

Shall I be written coward if I confess that standing there in that still black silence, a heavy chill came over me as I gazed downwards, which not even the cold of the cave would account for?

Now it seemed to me that, if I waited, my courage would ooze still further away. So I made a dash at the attempt with all the blind haste of fright. I had with me a rope, and tied that fast to the beam alongside the knotted rope of Godefroy Devlin, watching with a shudder the snaky coils as they disappeared in the blackness of the Pot. Then I seized the two. I had descended two man lengths when I remembered the light. In my hurry and scare I had left it behind. Ascending once more, I tied it to my neck, but finding it inconvenient there, slung it by a string round my ankle. The change saved my life.

Fathom after fathom I descended, the smooth stone sides of the shaft always keeping their precise distance—and then a vague dreariness crept over me—and the candle in the lantern burnt dimmer—and I drew nearer towards sleep—and then the candle went out.

The loss of light roused me. I stopped my descent, sagging the twin ropes back and forwards like a man of lead. My hands weighed tons; my feet and head hundreds of tons. Instinctively I hauled myself upwards again, with perilous slowness at first, faster afterwards, with the speed of terror when nearing the top.

I did not faint when my feet were once more on the solid rock. I should have been happier if I had done, for, as it was, my heart was like to have burst an alley through my ribs. Heavy poisonous gas—carbon dioxide—lay in a layer at the bottom of the shaft. If it had not been for the warning lantern, I should have descended amongst it and dropped into death, even as had done those four others who preceded me.

You can be sure I was fit for little else that night besides tottering homewards as best I was able; and I thought never to visit the horrid spot again. But a day or two's rest changed this view, and I transported to the moor a small rotary blower from a portable blacksmith's forge, and a long length of rubber tubing, and exorcised the heavy-gas from below till a candle would burn there as clearly as it would in the open.

Then I descended again, and instead of the few shattered bones and other poor relics of humanity which I expected to find, saw as wonderful a sight as man's eyes have fallen on through all the ages. Water fell in a small spray from all around, and the lime in it had been deposited on the bodies of the four Devlins who had fallen there. Decay had never commenced. The shell of stone had begun to grow from the very moment of their arrival.

The uppermost man was a shapeless heap. The next was but a vague outline. Of the third, I could but make out that he had once been human, nothing more. But the last corner had fallen on his back resting against this ghostly pile, and the thin layer of stone which crusted him was transparent as glass. I could trace every fibre of his clothes; every line of his care-worn face. He must have passed into death without pain. His features were more peaceful than those of a man asleep.

For a while this rocky horror fascinated me, and then I tore myself away, passing into a great jagged cave, which burrowed amongst the very entrails of the living rock. And here was the Treasure which had been kept so long inviolate, and at such a cost: not jewels or gold, as I had fondly anticipated, but a vein of galena glittering lead ore—which when afterwards I brought up royalties and set on miners to work, made me richer by far than that old d'Evlin who had first discovered it, and had left it so contemptuously as a spare nest egg for his posterity.

I found, too, something besides which showed how terribly one man's faults may be revelled on his descendants, and showed moreover, how a vengeance may be transmitted with many lethal blows down many centuries. There was a flask on the rock [illegible] the sparkling vein of ore, a [illegible] section of glass, sealed with crimson wax. Inside were papers. I drew them out and read them by the shifting light of the lantern. The hair rippled on my scalp as I spelled through the crabbed sentences. The words were written by one Thomas Field, steward to the D'Evlin who founded my family. They began with a description of the writer's station, and then there followed a list of his woes, and hate glowered from each faded letter.

". . . . in every carnal thing" (so the letter ran) "has this man, Chaucer D'Evlin, done me wrong. He has gained cattle and horses that I should have possessed, farms that I should have had, and that by rights was mine. He stripped me of moneys till I had no dirt left. He made me his servant who should have been his master. Yet these things could have been forgiven. But for one matter wherein he ousted me, the man has earned my hate undying. He won for himself the woman I loved, and made her his wife who should have been mine.

"For this I write here my curse against him and against his till they are worms and dust as he is now. For this I have taken away the last sheet of the writing in the iron box, wherein he told how to draw away the noxious vapors which fill this Pot, and have left in their place other writings which shall form a snare. Hereby I know my soul is damned to all eternity. But I care not. Through Chaucer D'Evlin I have known my hell in this life; and so that this my curse may spread on all his spawn which is to follow, I willingly take the portion of Flames which will be mine in just recompense.

"Oh Duna, my love, my lost love, through memory of thee alone I do this thing. . . . ."

In that weird mysterious cavern I read these words, and the thought of that awful vengeance which Thomas Field's dead hand had carried out bit into me like a knife. My chest grew cramped; my head throbbed; the whispering noises of the place increased to clamor. It seemed to my frightened nerves that the steward's tortured spirit hovered and gibbered in the black vault above me.

I could not wait there longer. I fled to the shaft, treading on that mound of men in stone, and then leaped up the rope to air and daylight.

Dead Duna, your faithlessness—or your coercion, was it?—has been fearfully avenged.

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A Desirable Husband.—Choose a busy man—one who has plenty to occupy his mind and to talk about. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man, in the wife's sense; who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the home circle, where nobody is above him, as if he were in a haven of ease and relaxation. The drawback of home life, its containing possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife and children than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so tame that it is impossible for him to be happy or not to feel that he is less unhappy there than elsewhere.

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Sympathies and Antipathies.—The subject of sympathies and antipathies is extremely curious. Boyle fainted when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus became feverish when he saw a fish. Zimmerman tells of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand, there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburgh, who had lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton even when administered in the [illegible] pie form of pill; and there is the case of a man falling down at the smell of [illegible] as if bereft of life.

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Dobbins' Electric Soap has been made for [illegible] year. Each year's sales [illegible] ground. In [illegible] sales were [illegible] superior quality and [illegible] purity, made this possible. Do you use it? Try it.

## At Home and Abroad.

"I'm endeavoring to become quite English," writes a Boston man in London, "because it will save me from the tips of the first magnitude which servants expect from Americans. I have mounted a perfectly hideous Derby. I carry my right glove in my left gloved hand and swing a walking-stick in my right. I wear an English collar, and an English scarf, with an English pin in it; my English cuffs are spacious. I am having more clothes made at the Prince of Wales' tailors. And when I go outside the hotel—it is directly opposite the Abbey—the first cabman upsays, 'Driver many American gentlemen, sir; know where they want to go, sir!' Such is the vanity of ambition!"

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The ordinance passed by the Joliet City Council defining the pronunciation of the town's name has plunged the Western press into a sea of orthoepical discussion and controversy. Perhaps the East will be the gainer if the discussion ends by fixing a definite orthoepy for the names St. Louis, Louisville, New Orleans, Cairo, Missouri, Terre Haute, etc., which at present are stumbling-blocks for Easterners. Should we say Saint Looies or Saint Lowy, Louisville or Lawyville, New Orlinz or New Orleans, Kiro or Cayro, Mizzourah or Mizzurree, Sheenawgo or Sheenahgo, Terry Hut or Terry Hote, Loosh or Ioh-uh? Usage is so divided in these towns and States themselves that non residents are very much at sea.

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The following story about the late Edwin Booth is told: "On the occasion of his brother's benefit he was standing behind the scenes when a character actor, who had been giving imitations of noted actors, was about to respond to an encore. 'Whom do you imitate next?' enquired Booth. 'Well,' was the reply, 'I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it.' 'Suppose I imitate myself,' remarked the tragedian, and hastily putting on the other actor's wig and buttoning up his coat he went on and delivered the well-known lines. Next morning the newspapers stated that the imitations ruined the performance, 'the personation of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder for his own."

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Young women who officiously offer older women their seats in the street cars should look before they leap. A well-dressed girl saw one of her sex enter a not over-crowded electric car the other day and sprang forward with the request that she should have the place. "No, thanks," replied the other, with the utmost aplomb, "I never take a cripple's seat." "But I'm not a cripple," returned the young woman, much mortified. "Ah, in that case I will let my little boy occupy it," and the 7-year-old youngster was pushed into the vacant place. "That's the last time I ever offer any woman, if she's a hundred, my seat," said the victim, as she "moved up" to the other end of the car. "Why, she was just teaching you a lesson not to be so dreadfully considerate to her age," rejoined a girl in a pen-wiper cape. "It served you right."

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It may not be known generally that the Dowager Empress of China had had a very romantic history. She was the child of poor parents in the suburbs of Canton, and remarkable for her beauty. At a time when her parents did not know whence their daily bread was to come, she suggested that they sell her as a slave. This course was followed, and she became the property of a famous general. He was so enchanted with her beauty that he adopted her. When the general next went to Pekin, says a correspondent, the general offered his beautiful daughter to the Emperor, and thereby won great favor. The young girl so charmed his Majesty by her looks and intelligence that he soon made her his wife. When the Emperor died, the former slave became Regent of the Empire, and administered the national affairs better than almost any of her predecessors. She is justly considered one of the great women of her time.

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[illegible]

# Our Young Folks.

## MASTER SWALLOW'S LESSON.

It certainly was a fine morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Swallow were enjoying it thoroughly. They flew swiftly through the air backwards and forwards, they dipped in and out of the old nest under the eaves, [illegible] and they chased one another in the sunshine until they were tired.

Then Mr. Swallow announced that the time had come for Master Swallow to have his first lesson in flying. Now, said to say, Master Swallow was a very lazy little bird. He declared that he did not want to learn to fly, he even was silly enough to say that he could not understand why any bird should want to fly.

"He must have a lesson," said Mrs. Swallow.

"He shall have a lesson," said Mr. Swallow.

"I won't!" said naughty Master Swallow.

And what would have happened next nobody knows, for at that moment Mr. Swallow saw a lot of the school children coming.

"They can't be coming to school," said Mrs. Swallow. "It is not [illegible]."

"And I never knew children come to school so early," said Mr. Swallow.

"They are each carrying something," said Mrs. Swallow.

Master Swallow nearly tumbled out of the nest in his eagerness to see what was happening.

The children were certainly coming to the school-house, but instead of running and jumping, hopping and skipping, as usual, they were walking slowly along the road.

"What can be the matter?" said Mrs. Swallow.

"We must go and find out," said Mr. Swallow.

And Master Swallow was left alone.

"I wish I could see further," he said to himself. "Well, never mind; I can listen."

The children were talking busily as they walked along.

"We shall only have an hour," said a boy's voice; "we shall have to work hard."

"I do hope she will be pleased," said one of the girls.

"She is sure to be pleased with this," said the boy.

"I wonder what 'this' is?" said Master Swallow.

"Well, here we are at last," said a third voice. "I shan't be sorry to give my shoulders a rest. I didn't think it was so heavy."

"What can it be, I wonder?" said Master Swallow. "Phew, now they are going into the school-house."

Mr. and Mrs. Swallow came rushing into the nest in a state of great excitement.

"Well," said Master Swallow, "do tell me all about it. What is 'this'? who is 'she'? what is 'it'? and what are they going to do?"

"There are six of them, and they are carrying fruit and flowers," said Mrs. Swallow. "One little girl, the one who gives us crumbs, is there, and the biggest bunches of beautiful wreath."

"That must be 'this,'" said Master Swallow.

"Don't talk nonsense!" said his father. "I wonder your mother tells you anything about it. If you would learn to fly——" and Mr. Swallow ruffled his feathers angrily.

"Who is she?" asked Master Swallow.

"I don't know. I will go and find out," said Mrs. Swallow.

So once more Master Swallow was left alone, for Mr. Swallow had already left the nest.

Inside the school-house the children were very busy emptying their baskets and tying the flowers in bunches, and trimming the pictures with wreaths.

"I wish I could see more," said Master Swallow, peeping through the window.

"I wonder why they are doing it? I wish I could hear what they are saying."

Mrs. Swallow came flying back to the nest.

"They are decking the school-room so prettily, she said. "I do wish you could see——"

"I can see very well," said Master Swallow.

"Why, what [illegible]," cried Mr. Swallow as he flew past. "Something is the matter, they've put [illegible] here."

Mrs. Swallow flew away in a great hurry.

Master Swallow could hear the children talking and shouting.

"Perhaps they are quarreling," he said: "the bad children!"

"The big boy wants to put his wreath in the best place," said Mr. Swallow, popping his head into the nest, and forgetting his anger with his son in his excitement about the children.

"He says our little girl's pot of flowers is so small that it ought to be put out of sight altogether," said Mrs. Swallow.

"He is a horrid boy!" said Mr. Swallow.

"And our little girl grew the flowers herself," said Mrs. Swallow; "and she is crying."

"Oh! I wish——" said Master Swallow.

But Mr. and Mrs. Swallow had flown away to hear more.

The school-house door opened, and two of the children came out.

"Now I shall hear something," said Master Swallow.

And he did hear something, for the children looked down the road and then ran back into the school-house, shouting—

"She's coming! she's coming!"

"They've stopped quarreling," called Mr. Swallow.

"Our little girl is wiping her eyes," said Mrs. Swallow.

"She's coming," called back Master Swallow.

"She is teacher," said Mrs. Swallow, "and there she is."

The six children came running out of the school-house, and Master Swallow nearly tumbled out of the nest.

"Many happy returns of the day," called the children one after the other.

"Oh!" said Mr. Swallow as he flew past, "that's why. Now I understand."

"I don't," said Master Swallow.

"She's smiling, and they are taking her into the school-house," said Mrs. Swallow. "I must see what happens."

"I wish I could," said Master Swallow, but he could see nothing through his little bit of window, for the teacher had stopped at the door, and the children were crowding round her.

Poor Master Swallow! He turned away and hid his head in the darkest corner of the nest.

Mr. and Mrs. Swallow flew back once more.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Swallow.

"And so am I," said Mr. Swallow.

Master Swallow never moved.

"She was so pleased, and she did look so pretty," said Mr. Swallow.

"She liked the little pot of flowers just as much as the big wreath," said Mr. Swallow.

"She gave 'our little girl' a kiss," said Mrs. Swallow; "and the pot is on the desk beside the wreath now."

At last Master Swallow lifted his head.

"Mother," he said, "I want to learn to fly. I won't be lazy any more if you will teach me."

"I will teach you," said Mr. Swallow, "and then you will be able to see the world."

And that morning, whilst the children were busy with their lessons, Master Swallow had his first lesson in flying.

## DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

BY G. C.

It is my very own birthday morning, and I am six years old. Twice three are six, Jimmy says, because he learnt it yesterday at lessons.

Mother has given me a very nice black doll, with clothes that undo, and joints, so that you can make her do anything you like. Jimmy wants to pretend to cut her head off, after lessons, with the paper-knife; but she is a baby, not a queen, and only queens have their heads chopped off. I screamed when he told me, until nurse came, and if he really does it, I shall scream all the time.

We asked the little boy next door to tea, but he is shy, and mother thinks he is rather rude too. He just said no, and turned his head away, so I said, "It's going to be just the kind of tea you like."

He said, "I don't care if it is."

I said, "But there are going to be cherries."

"Oh, I know—horrid dry things," he said.

But they were real ones, and that is why mother said he was rather rude.

Mother took me on her knee after prayers and it was nice to begin a new year, and there were six days in it so I could do six deeds of kindness in them. It seems a good many, and it will take up a great deal of our time. I told Jimmy so, and he thought it would be a good plan if we did a good lot the days we had lessons, and then we need not bother on holidays. And then I said, "There's cook's pail on the steps—shall we carry it in for her?"

We are not allowed to play with water really, but if you do it in deeds of kindness of course it is different. Well, we each took one end of the handle, and the pail was very heavy, and the water rushed about like waves at sea, and we joggled it more and more, till it ran out like a river over the clean steps, and cook ran out and slapped us, and called nurse, and said, "You naughty, naughty children! How dare you touch my pail?"

I said nothing to her, because my pinny was dripping, and my new frock; but Jimmy said, "Well, that's the last time we help you, Mrs. Cook," and cook said, "Help indeed! and the clean steps to do all over again," and then nurse dragged us in.

Pussy was in the schoolroom mewing, so I went softly into the pantry, and found a little jug of milk, and we poured it into a saucer, and she licked it all up—she really liked it. After all, it is nicer doing deeds of kindness to a cat than to a woman like our cook, because after she had finished she mewed for more—and cook didn't. Of course we didn't expect cook to mew, but I mean she wasn't even kind; nor was Mary, because she came and found us in the schoolroom, and said we had used all the cream for mother's tea, and she was rather rude to us.

So then we thought we would be kind to Miss Angel Somers, my new doll, and we we put on our hats, and wheeled her out in the garden in the mail cart. We took Jimmy's boat, too, to sail her on the pond, and it really was nice at first. We tied her to the mast, because she was so big that her legs reached over the end, and her arms reached to the top of the mast; but we pretended she was quite happy, so it made it seem like another deed of kindness. At first the pond was quite smooth, but presently Jimmy's boat began to rock, and it rocked right over, and Miss Angel Somers went down, down, out of sight; only one of her arms was a long time disappearing, because it was as high as the mast.

And do you know what I did? I howled first, and then I jumped in after her (I can swim), and I dived and brought her up; and Jimmy screamed so on the bank that mother came, and carried me home all wet and dripping—but she wouldn't smile. And, after all, if one of us had fallen in, mother would have done just the same herself—and she can't swim.

Mother said, when I was dry, "It is only eleven o'clock on your birthday morning, Phyllis, and you got into mischief three times." And I said, "Mother, we were trying to be kind, like you said—first to cook, then to pussy, then to Angel Somers and yet nobody is pleased!"

And after that mother kissed me and said, "Oh, Phyllis, didn't you begin at the wrong end? Didn't you play with the pail because you liked it—not to help cook? And didn't you give pussy milk because of the fun of fetching it? And didn't you put Miss Angel in the boat to please yourselves and not her? Deeds of kindness are done to please others, not yourself, and they are often hard and tiresome, and disagreeable; and it is only love, my little Phyllis, that makes the rough road easy, and the crooked path plain."

I did not quite understand what mother meant, but perhaps I shall when I am grown up.

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WINNING THE YOUNG.—It is not sufficient that we introduce the young into an atmosphere of virtue, so called. It must be also bright and clear with happiness and energy, if it is to win young hearts. Where religion is made gloomy, virtue melancholy, and all duty tinged with the sombre hue of self-restraint, it is certain that young and joyous natures will shrink from them. Such religion is not religious; such virtue is not virtuous: it rather shows itself to be the enemy of true goodness by driving away by its repellent aspect those who might embrace it. Happiness is the twin-sister of right doing. To preserve their union with sacred care is the highest office of philanthropy; to drive them is the surest road to degradation and ruin.

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THE difference between a form and a ceremony is that you sit on the former and stand on the latter.

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Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer has restored gray hair to its original color and prevented baldness in thousands of cases. It will do so to you.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Shoes were not made "rights and lefts" until 1472.

There are nearly 3,000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn boots.

The average man can do most work at 3 P. M. and the least at 9 A. M.

A rich Laplander sometimes keeps as many as 5,000 reindeer in his service.

Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

Five hundred and seventy-four thousand children daily attend school in London.

Microscopists are now able to see and measure objects no larger than the 300 1000th of an inch.

It is reported that fully 2,500,000 alligators have been killed in Florida during the last 12 years.

The plane-tree under which Godfrey of Bouillon encamped by the Bosphorus is still standing.

Goldfish were first known in China, and were brought to Europe in the seventeenth century.

The Queen of Siam has the smallest foot of any titled person in the world. She wears 1½ boots.

Rain has never been known to fall in that part of Egypt between the two lower Falls of the Nile.

There is scarcely a township in South Africa now that is not connected with post and telegraph.

In Arran, where the maidenhair ferns grow plentifully, some of the inhabitants use it as a substitute for tea.

In Persia the women of fashion ornament their faces by painting upon them figures of insects and small animals.

Japanese workmen bathe the whole body once a day, and sometimes twice. Public baths are provided in every street.

Wheat came originally from the central land of Thibet, where its representative yet exists as grass with small mealy seeds.

Agricultural statistics indicate that England has about 1,840,528 milch cows; Scotland, 432,916; Ireland, 1,441,175, and Wales, 281,180.

The British Admiralty has given a Macclesfield firm an order for 80,000 silk mufflers for the use of jolly tars of the Queen's navy.

According to a scientific journal, a Geneva firm is manufacturing phonographic clocks which call the hour instead of striking it.

Electricity is being applied to the drying of tea in Ceylon, the process having proved to be more economical than the old method.

The fourteenth annual bulletin of the French Cremation Society states that in Paris alone more than 20,000 bodies have been burned since the commencement of the movement.

A red sunset foretells dry weather, because it indicates that the air toward the west, from which quarter rain may generally be expected, contains little moisture.

A balloon recently sent up by French scientists with automatically registering thermometers and barometers reached a height of ten miles, where the thermometer registered 110 degrees below zero.

The great Panama ditch, with its crumbling wharves, acres of machinery, and thousands of carts and locomotives, is said to be a picture of ruin. On the isthmus are nearly one thousand miles of steel track.

Electric power, compressed air, steam power and the cable are displacing the horse as a motive power on the street car lines of Paris. No less than six different methods of traction are employed in different parts of the French capital.

The town of Chicopee, Mass., recently passed an ordinance which imposes a fine of from $2 to $20 on any person who may be caught throwing into any street, lane or alley ashes, glass, crockery, scrap iron, tacks, nails or any other articles which might injure the tires of bicycles.

A veterinary surgeon in Van Buren, Me., was called a few days ago to find the reason and remedy for an odd hard bunch on a horse's shoulder. He lanced the swelling and found in the centre of it a silver dime. The corner grocery clubs are now busy with the question, How did it get there?

Chinese pheasants were introduced into various parts of Oregon a few years ago for game purposes. The birds have thrived wherever introduced, and this season has been especially favorable, so that there is every prospect of an abundance of sport in this line in the near future, when the period of restriction shall have expired.

The forthcoming Paris Exhibition will have, among other interesting features, an art gallery of all nations. Each country will be invited to send a series of pictures which will illustrate the career of art of that nation during the last two or three centuries, bringing the whole up to date by one picture, which will be an example of the present time.

## OUR WORDS.

BY RITA.

Ill words—they are the weeds that grow apace
In the world's garden, with a deadly power
The bloom of truth and beauty to efface,
Wreathing their choking coils o'er Love's own fragrant bower.

Oh that we could remember, when we speak
So hastily, our words cannot decay—
That we for grace of charity might seek,
That so our words acquit, not judge, us alway.

## FOLK-LORE OF PALESTINE.

The peasantry of Palestine, like all Eastern peoples, are extremely superstitious, and some notes on the folk-lore of the present inhabitants of the Holy Land may be found of interest.

First, we find that among all the trees the olive is held most sacred, because it gives both food and light. The man who cuts down an olive-tree will have no peace for ever afterwards, and will not receive his punishment incidentally, but direct from God.

The lotus-tree is held sacred because it is supposed to be inhabited by the mysterious "Welys," who will work woe upon a man who cuts one down. On Thursday nights these trees may be seen lighted up, so runs the superstition, and the music of unseen spirits may be heard among the branches. The tamarisk-tree is also believed to be haunted, and to wail out "Allah! Allah!" when the wind stirs its leaves.

The palm and the cactus are reputed to be of the same substance as a human being, because they have drunk the water of life. On the other hand, the fig, the carob, and the sycamore are inhabited by devils, and must not be slept under—children especially being enjoined to avoid their shelter.

Blue or light-colored eyes are popularly supposed to most frequently carry a baleful influence, and to counteract this, blue beads are sometimes worn. Cases are cited of men able to overthrow a carriage merely by looking at it, to wither up a bean-field, and so on.

It is said that the belief in the evil-eye, among Christians, Jews and Mohammedans, is stronger even than their religious beliefs.

The peasants try to read good and bad luck from the color and growth of a horse's hair. This habit they seem to have got from the Bedouin Arabs, but are not so expert in the signs. A chestnut horse, for good luck, must have either both hind-legs or else the near leg white. If only the off hind-leg is white that is bad luck. Then by the way the hair grows on the neck it is augured whether the owner will be killed by a spear or a dagger; and if a horse begins to dig with his feet, that means that the owner is soon to be buried.

A practice of the Christians of Mount Lebanon, of lighting fires on the Feast of the Cross, is explained as being in commemoration of the discovery of the true cross by the Empress Helena, who caused fires to be lighted on towers all the way to Constantinople, in order to make known the glad tidings to her son there.

Among birds, the swift is held the most sacred by the Mohammedans, because it is believed to visit the Kaabah at Mecca seven times a year; therefore it is lucky for the swifts to nest on a house. The pelican also is sacred, because, according to the tradition, it carried water in its pouch for those who were building the Kaabah. The turtle-dove is esteemed sacred by the Mohammedans because it wept when the Prophet left Jerusalem for Heaven; and by the Christians because it wallowed in grief at the foot of the Cross, and its feathers were stained by the blood of Christ.

The hoopoe, say the people, used to have a golden crown, but was so hunted for it that it begged King Solomon to take it away, which he did, and gave a crown of feathers instead, wherefore the hoopoe is the King of Birds.

The raven is believed to be black because he was cursed by Noah for settling on a carcase when let out of the Ark. It is, therefore, the bird of mishap. The lapwing is also accounted unlucky in the morning. The hooting of a barn-owl near a house is a bad omen.

The lizard is blessed because she carried water in her mouth to quench the fire with which the Angel Gabriel was burned, but the stellio lizard is accursed, because at the flight of Mohammed it revealed his presence in a cave. The mule is supposed to have been stricken with barrenness for having carried wood for the enemies of the Prophet.

Bewitchment is firmly believed in, and many stories are told of the casting out of devils, an operation at which certain Sheikhs have to-day the reputation of being very clever. In Syria and Northern Palestine it is necessary for bewitched persons to pass over the sea in order to get rid of evil spirits; and in Gazal people throw bread into the sea as an offering to the inhabitants of its depths.

Charms are much worn. Besides the charm against the Karines, and the amulet of blue beads to avert the evil-eye already mentioned, there are numerous others. Thus the vertebra of a wolf is tied to the neck of a child as a protection against whooping-cough—surely not a more foolish custom than that said to obtain in Staffordshire, where, according to Mr. Thisleton Dyer, to hang an empty bottle up the chimney is considered an infallible cure for the same disease.

The Jews are believed to be very clever in making certain charms, which are bought in the market, and worn either in a leather envelope next the body, or on the cap.

For the discovery of stolen goods, and the detection of criminals, they adopt methods not unlike what have been practised nearer home. Thus, in one part, the sorcerer brings a man, who must be named Ahmed Mohammed, binds a towel round his head, and makes him look into a basin of water. The sorcerer then produces his magical books, and burns incense, which brings the Jans together, whom he then asks, through Ahmed, where the stolen goods are and who put them there. This is, of course, simply a variant of the magic mirror superstition, and as to the virtue of names, we recall that in Cornwall a remedy for whooping cough is a piece of cake given to the patient by a married couple whose Christian names must be John and Joan. Other analogues might be cited.

## Grains of Gold.

Behind the shadow there is always a light.

No man is brave who is afraid of the truth.

Believe that story false which ought not to be true.

A man's wisdom is his best friend; folly his worst enemy.

In every sphere of life the post of honor is the post of duty.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon himself the trade of lying.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice and yet everybody is content to hear.

The only failure a man ought to fear is the failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be the best.

Religion pure and undefiled never makes a prayer that it is not willing to take off its coat to help answer.

As it is characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so it is of small wits to talk much and say nothing.

Absence lessens small passions and increases great ones—as the wind extinguishes the taper and kindles the burning dwelling.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

## Femininities.

**Maud:** "Why do you call that ring a war relic?" **Ethel:** "I won it in my first engagement."

"Cholly believes in himself thoroughly," said one girl. "Yes," replied the other; "he's so credulous."

"I would send you a kiss, papa," wrote little Lucy, who was away on a visit, "but I have been eating onions."

"Why do you pass so short a time at such watering place?" "Because I don't want the lady guests at the hotel to say, 'She's worn that dress before.'"

**Clara:** "He says I sing more beautifully than any girl he knows. What do you think of that?" **Maud:** "I think he should extend his acquaintance."

**Mrs. Baker,** of Dickinson Courthouse, Va., aged 60 years, has just been appointed mail rider in her district, which is considered the wildest in Virginia.

**The wife:** "How did you dare, sir, to scold me before Mrs. Brown?" The husband: "Well, you know, Maria, I daren't scold you when we are by ourselves."

**Jack:** "So you knew I loved you?" Ada: "Yes, I have known it for some time." Jack: "Ah, I presume your womanly intuition told you?" Ada: "No; your sister Jennie."

"You are now one," said the minister to a happy pair he had just tied together with a knot that they could never undo. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.

After Mary Hartnett had been fined $100 by Justice Hennessy, of Chicago, she scared the court attaches by taking a bottle from her pocket and drinking the contents. They thought it was poison. It was whisky.

**A writer quaintly remarks:** "Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man will ever be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.

One dancing mistress in England is said to make a living counting into thousands. This lady was the instructress of the daughters of the Prince of Wales, and is now teaching the little Battenberg children. She has a most aristocratic connection.

It is said that women's voices do not give good results in the long-distance telephone; their high notes, excellent in short lines, as all city telephone subscribers know, are an obstacle to clear transmission in lines of considerable length.

**Sunday school teacher:** "Now, children, we have read the story of Rebecca waiting at the well. Who can tell me why she waited there?" Willie Doe: "I can. Her sweetheart was a milkman, and she knew that was the surest place to find him."

**Mr. Newwed,** wearily: "My dear, here's $20 which I have saved by giving up smoking. I wish you would take it and get some experienced housekeeper to teach you how to cook." Mrs. Newwed, delightedly: "How good of you, my darling; I'll send for mother."

"Poor John, he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed the widow, on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is all for the best. You must try and comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

A Williamsburg, Conn., man put his wife out of the house one night recently during the course of a family row, and she summoned six other women to her aid and returned to do battle. He managed to stab one of them slightly, but they overpowered him and held him until the police came.

An appeal has been issued to the women of the South for funds with which to build a monument to the mother of General Robert E. Lee. An association formed for the purpose has the matter in charge. It is proposed to erect the monument in the churchyard of Christ Church, Alexandria, Va.

**She:** "Do you think, dear, we shall be really and truly happy in our married life?" He: "How can we help it, darling, when I shall try so hard to be good to you? Why, it was only yesterday that I insured my life in your favor. Isn't that the best evidence that I am going to make you happy?" She, doubtfully: "But suppose you should live?"

"Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have intrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life." The young man was duly impressed. Then he looked at his watch. "Really," he remarked, "I had no idea it was so late. The cars have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to get down town?" "Young man, I would not trust anybody on earth with that wheel."

The Countess Schimmelmann, formerly a lady in waiting at the court of Berlin, addressed the working men of Copenhagen recently, and announced that she intended to sell her large villa near the Danish capital and devote the proceeds to the poor. She had lived, she said, in the palace of an Emperor and in the huts of fishermen, and she had become convinced that the poor are happier than the millionaire.

## Masculinities.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

What you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

If you wish to please people you must always begin by understanding them.

We speak of some men as all wool, probably because they shrink at nothing.

The more a man boasts of his honesty, the less willing his friends are to lend him money.

When a man's good deeds speak for themselves he should not allow his voice to drown theirs.

Civilization consists in putting on stiff collars and two layers of clothes in summer instead of a towel.

No matter how little we love our neighbor, we can see no reason why he should not have kindly feelings toward us.

The good husband always dies. At least such is the opinion of a gentleman of our acquaintance who has married a series of widows.

A man in Unionville, Mo., claims that saltpetre is an infallible cure for snake bite, and cites personal experience in support of his claim.

The first woman graduated from St. Andrew's University, Scotland, is said to be Miss Blackadder, the daughter of a Dundee architect. She is 19 years old.

Many things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse. A man or a woman has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood.

M. François de Montholon, the handless landscape painter, received the Raigecourt Goyon prize of 1000 francs at the Champs Elysées salon. He paints with jointed hands of wood.

The secret of Paderewski's long hair has recently been disclosed. The great pianist has weak eyes, and his physician thinks that cutting his hair would tend to make them weaker.

Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, has recently received a bequest of several million francs, with the reversion to her children, from a rich merchant, Don Alexander Soler, of Madrid.

A New Orleans lady has started a conversation class among the ladies of Chicago to teach them how to talk. Now let some polite spirited citizen get up a class of ladies and teach them how to listen.

Things are getting down pretty fine, Fogg thinks. He went into an eating house the other day. Calling to a waiter he said, "Will you take my order?" "I will take your request, sir," responded the gentlemanly attendant.

J. P. Chapman, of Cassopolis, Mich., is the "cynosure of all eyes" wherever he goes. He hitches his white trotting dog, Joe, with a Shetland pony, rides in a white sulky, wears a white suit himself, and uses white reins.

The amount won by the ex-King of Servia at the Paris Grand Prix was $140,000. There was an element of superstition in his betting. A mare had won every eighth Grand Prix race previously, and his inference that a mare would win the 1895 race proved to be correct.

Governor Morrill, of Kansas, gives it out that he will never sign a death warrant unless the statute is made mandatory. Every Governor of Kansas has taken the same view of the matter, and if there is to be any legal hanging in that State the Legislature will have to say so.

The little girls of Boston are reported to be over-educated. The story goes that a child was asked in a train car her age, with a view to "half fare for children." Whereupon the premature little damsel murmured, "If you don't object, conductor, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

A close observer tells us that when you see a man operating with a needle and thread on a trouser button, you can easily tell whether he is single or married. If he uses a thimble he is married, but if he pushes the end of the needle against the wall, and pulls it through the button with his teeth, you may safely bet that he is single.

To get rid of a bore, try the method pursued by a certain chieftain. When accosted by one he shakes hands warmly with his persecutor, glances round anxiously, and dropping his voice, confidentially remarks, "Say, I must be off. There's an awful bore here that I want to dodge—tackle a fellow to death. You understand, old boy?" The bore winks a wink. "I understand, old fellow!" the party without the remotest suspicion that he is the bore.

French dueling is one of the most foolish customs of our gay neighbors. M. Clemenceau tried many times to force a certain man to fight him. Finally, seeing his enemy drinking his coffee after dinner in the Cafe de la Paix, he walked up to him and asked in his politest way, with the formality of his walking stick. The man, quite ignoring Clemenceau, turned to the waiter, "Bring me another cup of coffee, this one is dirty." The latter turned to the aggressor, and there was no duel at that time.

## Latest Fashion Phases.

A seasonable gown has the full skirt edged by two ruffles of inch-wide yellow valenciennes lace, which may be placed close together or an inch apart. Instead of being gathered, these ruffles are laid in small plaits at intervals of an inch, and are machine stitched to the gown.

The bodice is simply a French blouse, striped from neck to waist with half inch ruffles of yellow Valenciennes, and the sleeves are full puffs to the elbow. There may be seven rows of lace if a ruffle is desired in the centre, or eight rows if a plain space is desired. The ribbon collar band and belt are finished at the back by aigrette bows with their ends pointing upward. This is a very youthful style and generally becoming.

Another pretty gown has the skirt finished by a deep hem, above which is inserted a band of yellow Valenciennes, edged by half inch ruffles of lace.

The full blouse bodice is striped with three bands or lace-edged insertion to correspond with the skirt, and is mounted on shoulder yokes formed by ruffles of the lace. The sleeves and bouffante puffs, finished by lace ruffles at the elbow. The collar band and belt are of ribbon, and Paquin points of the material edged with lace are turned over the collar band.

Still another gown has the blouse bodice striped by tucks in groups of five. A large collet, falling over the tops of the sleeves, is formed of mull bordered by insertion and edged with lace, and the puffed sleeves terminate at the elbow. The collar band and belt are of ribbon, with bows at the back.

A stylish walking and visiting costume is composed of beige cloth spotted with black and garnished with white cloth. The full skirt, gored at the front and sides, falls in fluted folds, and is arranged with godet plaits at the back. Down the centre of the front this skirt is adorned by a fold of beige cloth bordered with white, while the edge of the skirt is surrounded by two narrower folds of the white cloth, the wider one lining at the edge and the narrower two inches above it.

The jacket bodice has a short full basque and a plain close-fitting vest of the beige cloth adorned with white cloth buttons and terminating at the waist line. The novel revers of white cloth form epaulettes in the shape of a leaf, fastened by a large button; they then taper to the waist and again spread to the edge of the basque, where they are held by a white cloth button. The back of the bodice is fashioned to produce the same effect as the front. The plain collar band is of beige cloth, edged with white, and the leather belt is fastened by a heavy buckle. The extra large bouffante sleeves are gracefully draped into the armholes and are adorned by cuffs of white cloth.

In place of the leather belt one of the new white kid ones might be worn. The model would be very successful in dark blue cloth, serge or mohair, with the godet skirt void of adornment. The revers and cuffs would be of white pique and the buttons of pearl. Or it might be trimmed with black satin, when the skirt could also be adorned.

The hat is of fancy straw in sailor shape, edged by a beige puff and garnished with corn flowers and beige taffeta ribbons.

Quite a novel gown is composed of pearl gray brocho silk figured with rose pink, and combined with flax blue mousseline de soie. The very full skirt is of the silk cut in cloche shape and falling from the hips in many fluted folds. The novel border is fashioned in the silk muslin, which is shirred to form six cuffs, and is arranged on the skirt in large round scallops.

The upper part of the bodice, the collar band, and the heavy roll epaulettes, are formed of the mousseline de soie, all shirred to correspond with the border of the skirt. The lower part of the bodice is in the form of a close fitting corselet of the silk, extending below the waist in a slight point. The bouffante puffed sleeves are terminated at the elbow and met by white kid gloves.

The hat is of gray blue straw, adorned with gray taffeta ribbons and flax blue tulle, while the cache peigne is composed of flax flowers.

A toilette in black and white silk is made in a simple but very effective fashion. The godet skirt is striped vertically all round with bands of yellow Valenciennes lace.

The corsage is long on the shoulders, plait across the front, and gathered at the waist without being allowed to droop. From the neck to the centre of the front, and from neck to waist small close to the neck, depends a short strap of Valenciennes lace terminating in a point. Over the shoulder, at the armhole, is arranged a puff of the lace, a similar puff being placed across the top of the sleeves, and the two meeting in front of the arm, where they are finished by a black satin bow. The full leg of mutton sleeves are finished without cuffs, while the full collar band of lace is adorned by choux at the sides.

The black straw hat is trimmed with black plumes, yellow lace and a few green leaves.

A stylish gown in black mohair had the skirt stitched round the bottom to stimulate a deep hem.

The back of the bodice was of mohair, was close-fitting and was garnished by two tucks at either side of the centre. The front, which was full and in French blouse shape, was composed entirely of creamy white batiste, striped crosswise by narrow ruffles of yellow Valenciennes lace, headed by narrow insertions of lace. Over this were three vertical bands of black satin ribbon, edged with lace, the centre one extending straight down the centre of the front, the two side ones meeting under this at the neck, but spreading to the waist. The straight collar band of mohair was adorned by Paquin points of batiste and lace and the immense gigot sleeves were finished without cuffs.

The stylish hat of rough black straw was simply trimmed with black plumes and glarettes.

### Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

Madeira Sandwiches.—Half a pound of butter, half pound of sugar, four eggs, three-quarters of a pound of flour, a little baking powder, half a gill of milk, essence of lemon. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs one at a time, and the essence of lemon, then add the milk, and lastly the flour and baking powder. Put the mixture in flat buttered tins, and bake in a quick oven. When cold, cut them through, and spread with raspberry jam.

Cream Sauce.—Put into a pan the yolk of an egg, stir into three tablespoonfuls of cream or new milk, two tablespoonfuls of good veloute sauce, one ounce and a half of fresh butter, a pinch of salt, a grain of cayenne, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Stand the pan with this in the bain marie, and stir it steadily with a wooden spoon till of the consistency of thick cream; tammy and use.

Shoulder of Mutton With Queen Mary's Sauce.—Let a well fed shoulder hang till quite tender, then roast as usual, and when three parts cooked put a soup plate under it, with three tablespoonfuls of hot water, the same of port wine, a shalot and an anchovy chopped fine, and a little pepper; baste the meat well with this and its own gravy. When the mutton is to be served, law it on the dish with the inside uppermost, slice it across sharply with a knife in different ways, pour the gravy over it all, and stew it plentifully with hot fried bread crumbs, fried as for game.

Apple Butter.—This is generally made in large quantities. Boil down a kettleful of cider to two-thirds the original quantity. Pare, core, and slice the apples, and put in as many as the cider will just cover. Boil slowly, stirring often with a flat stick, and, when the apples are tender to breaking, take them out with a strainer. Put in a second supply of fruit and repeat the operation. Pour all together into a large tub, cover it, and let it stand for twelve hours. Return it to the kettle and boil the fruit down, stirring all the time, till it attains the consistency of brown soft-soap. Spice or flavor to taste; keep it in stone jars in a cool place. It should last good right into the spring.

Mending Rubber Boots.—Procure some pure gum, which can be bought at any wholesale rubber house or you can have your druggist order it for you at a cost of about five cents per ounce. At the same time order patching, and it is well to have two thicknesses for mending different goods. Put an ounce or two of gum into three or four times its bulk of benzine, cork tightly and allow it to stand four or five days, when it will be dissolved. Wet the boots with benzine for an inch or more around the hole and scrape with a knife; repeat this wetting with benzine and scraping several times until thoroughly cleaned, and a new surface exposed. Wet the cloth side of the patching with benzine and give one light scraping, then apply with a knife a good coating of the dissolved rubber, both to the boot and patch, and allow it to dry until it will not stick to your fingers, then apply the two surfaces and press or lightly hammer into as perfect a compact as possible, and set away for a day or two, if possible, before using. If you do not succeed it will not be the fault of the process.

Anchovy Toast.—Wash five or six anchovies, and cut off their heads and fins, bone them, and divide into two pieces. Make some buttered toast, lay the fish on it, adding mustard and cayenne to taste. Serve very hot.

Beef Croquettes.—Mix minced cold roast beef and breadcrumbs in the proportion of one-third as many crumbs as meat; season with salt, pepper, and a little onion-juice; moisten with brown sauce, add the yolk of an egg well beaten, roll in crumbs, and fry in hot fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

Cod Tongue au Gratin.—Wash the tongues and boil until tender; put them in a baking dish, dust and pepper and salt; beat one egg without separating, add to it a gill of milk, beat again, pour this over the tongues, dust them with crumbs, dot here and there with pieces of butter, and bake in a moderate oven for about thirty minutes.

Beetroots Boiled plain.—Wash a quart of sound young beetroots thoroughly in cold water. Place them in a sauce pan, covering them with cold water, season with a handful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; put on the lid, and cook for one hour and ten minutes. Take them from the fire, lift them from the water, and peel them while they are warm. When done, put them into a stone jar, strain over them the liquid in which they were boiled, spread over two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, cover them and put them away in a cool place for use when required.

Dried Fig Pudding.—Cut the figs into thin slices, and chop them into little bits. Finely mince a quarter of a pound of beef suet, free from skin, and two ounces of apples weighed after being peeled and cored. Rub a quarter of a pound of stale bread through a colander; add as much ground ginger as will fill a saltspoon, and half that quantity of grated nutmeg. Into a bowl put a quarter of a pound of flour; stir in the above mentioned ingredients, add a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and three ounces of raw sugar. Thoroughly mix, and bind with two well beaten eggs and half a pint of milk, and, when the mixture has reached the consistency of rich batter, put it into a well greased mould that it will quite fill. Cover the top with buttered paper and a cloth wrung out of boiling water. Plunge it into plenty of fast-boiling water, and keep it gently boiling for four hours.

Wholemeal Milk Bread.—Mix thoroughly about one ounce of butter in one and one half ounces of milk; use this instead of the water in the previous recipe.

Rich Wholemeal Bread.—Well mix two ounces of German yeast with a teaspoonful of sugar. Also mix four pounds of wholemeal with two ounces of sugar and a little salt. Make a hole in the centre and pour in the yeast with a pint of tepid water and half a pint of milk. Then add two or three well beaten eggs, and work into dough. Cover with a cloth and leave in front of the fire for two hours or so, after which divide in two portions and bake in tins for about an hour.

Gem Bread.—Make a thick batter of finely ground wholemeal and water, mixing in as much air as possible. Have ready a very hot greased gem pan and drop some batter into each space. Then bake for about half an hour in a very hot oven.

Soufflé of Rabbit.—Mince and pound smoothly the meat from the back of a raw rabbit, and to each two ounces of meat thus pounded allow one ounce of pounded ham, the yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt and white pepper, and a tiny dust of cayenne. When this is all mixed, stir into it a gill of whipped cream and the whites of three small eggs, whipped as stiff as possible, with a very tiny pinch of salt; three-parts fill a soufflé dish with this mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve at once, sprinkle with a little minced parsley and coraline pepper.

A Delicious Way of Cooking Vermicelli.—Put on one pint of milk with two ounces of desiccated cocoanut, and let it get quite hot, then add quarter pound of vermicelli; let this cook till tender. Now add two ounces of well washed and picked sultanas, put the mixture into a glass dish, pour over it one cup of cream, and sprinkle the whole over with bleached and chopped pistachio nuts.


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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the blood, nerves and whole body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and when the soundest deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

# Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

**Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Constipation, Dyspepsia.**

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

# Recent Book Issues.

An exceedingly curious and interesting book is "Jewel Don'ts" by Edmund Russell. It will be read with pleasure and profit by all caring for jewelry. Bramerton Publishing Company, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS

The "Quiver" for July presents a generous variety of Sunday and general reading. In addition to installments of two excellent serials, and three complete stories, illustrated, the contents include the following: "The Private Worship of the Jews," "In an Irish Diocese," by the Lord Bishop of Killaloe; "Scripture Lessons for School and Home," "The Saving of the Saga; a Tale of the Sea;" Music, Short Arrows, etc. Nearly all the articles are illustrated. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The current issue of The "Eclectic," which begins a new volume, contains among other articles "For the Beauty of an Ideal," "The Art of Justice," "Greater Antiquity of Man," Dr. Pearson's "True and False Notions of Prayer." Miss Balfour's account of "Twelve Hundred Miles, in a wagon," "A Visit to a Japanese Shrine," "Burmese Women, and "Recollections of a Visit to Samoa and the Home of the late Robert Louis Stevenson." There it a good variety of other sketches and shorter articles selected from current foreign literature in this number. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York.

The July "Century" has a patriotic and out-of-door flavor in keeping with the season. Among its contents are "Daniel Webster against Napoleon" "Two Vice-Presidents," John C Breckenridge and Hannibal Hamlin, "The Future War," "A Japanese Life of Grant," of the "English as she is spoke" order, with funny illustrations, "American Rural Festivals," "Memoirs of Robert Louis Stevenson," "Chatty Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," and "Picturing the Planets." A crisis is reached in Mr. Crawford's story of "Casa Braccio," and a more serious note is struck in the third part of Mrs. Magruder's "Princess Sonia;" and there are three short stories in various keys. Then there are the five editorial departments. The Century Co., New York.

Boys and girls will find the true vacation spirit in the July number of "St. Nicholas." The frontispiece, "Blackbeard's Last Fight," illustrates Howard Pyle's serial, "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Theodore Roosevelt describes the battle of King's Mountain, a striking contest in the Revolutionary war. Among the stories are "A Daughter of the Revolution," and "The Dragon and the Dragoon," "Oliver Goldsmith and Fiddleback," "Number Seven Oar," "Running for Boys," a variety of poems, jingles, etc. The Century Co., New York.

The complete novel which leads in "Lippincott's Magazine" for July is one of the best of the year—strong, thoroughly original, and of intense interest from the opening to the closing chapter. It is by Elizabeth Phipps Train, author of "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty," etc., and is entitled "A Social Highwayman." Besides this the number contains many fine articles by leading writers.

## RAIN-GAMBLING IN CALCUTTA.

HERE we are! a narrow muddy lane, native shops on each side, where they sell grain and ghee and sweetmeats. Overhead, the houses almost touch. A crowd is always passing through—every sort of man treads the 'Afim-a-chow-rusta' (the Opium Road). Does it not lead from the Opium Exchange past the house of Chooni Lall, the marwari? Come in, then, and smell the genius loci.

Up a high step, down a short and narrow passage, and babel! bedlam! a shouting, roaring, sweating, jostling, laughing crowd—white men, black men, brown men, Chinamen—specimens of every sort of indweller in heterogeneous Calcutta, save only of the Sahib, the lord of the earth. There is a square court all round it—the stalls of the marwaris on one side; stairs lead up to the watch tower. A fat marwari, with nothing on but a loin-cloth and a heavy gold chain, leans over a rail half-way up. He holds up three fingers, shouting the odds down to the din below. How the folds of flesh thicken and settle round his middle as he bends sideways! On one roof is the tank, some six feet square, perhaps two or three inches deep, with a spout that leads into the court below. In the tank is a nail bent flat upon its side. When that nail is covered with water, the spout runs, and bets are decided.

Come down again to where old Chooni Lall himself sits cross-legged—cheery, genial, and wrinkled. He is always glad to see you. He never mentions a bet. You ask the price, unable in the clamor of tongues to hear and understand. He murmurs six and a half. Come, let us bet, and see how it is done. Here goes for ten rupees. The broker holds it up—more shouting, more fingers held up. He tells you he has sold it at seven; the price is rising.

Supposing that it rains between now and nine o'clock at night, we shall win six rupees for every rupee of our stake, our own rupee making up seven, the quoted price. Chooni Lall will take an anna in every rupee for brokerage. He is already worth many lakhs, for fortunes are won and lost here every day in the monsoon. The very sugar-cane seller at the door, who doles out sticks of sugar-cane for two pice, is worth thousands of rupees.

You can bet either way for or against the rain, for to-day or to-morrow or against any fixed day, if you can find a taker. You can take your choice of the two periods of hours from six A. M. till noon, or from six A. M. till nine P. m. Of course, to a man who bets that rain will fall in the first period, far longer odds are offered. It rarely rains, even in the mon soon, between those hours; and I have seen four hundred to one offered.

Rich men deposit large sums with Chooni Lall—he is also a banker—and lay odds on the rain falling within a certain month. For the month in which the mon soon usually breaks, they lay five and six to one on the rain; and it would undoubtedly be a very good bet. Brokers themselves bet but rarely—their brokerage pays them; but of course there comes often a certainty of winning by easy hedging. The odds are not hard to foretell. Every bet is sold in the open market, and the price recorded. The place is really a sort of rain exchange, and as in the monsoon weather it is constantly full, there is never any difficulty in betting either way, supposing you be willing to take the current price.

Here is the place of payment. A piece of fat, good-natured copper-colored "babudom" sits on the charpoy ladling out rupees. Your name, your bet; he refers back, deducts brokerage, and hands over. There is no such thing known as non-payment, no welshers in this court, and no racecourse thieves.

The natives of India, grasping, penurious Shylocks as so many of them are, yet gamble as a race all of them. How they shout! One cannot understand what is going on, a curious mixture of Bengali and Hindustani wrapping up terms of art that are utterly bewildering. Some red-turbaned ruffian comes out of the crowd on a sudden, and laughs foolishly as he hands over two rupees. It is put up to auction, and is sold at eight. This is evidently a sensitive market. He watches with eager eyes his name written in the big book in Nagri characters, and departs nervously, to pass a day of fears and hopes, of vows and prayers to many gods, a day of movement of life new to him, and surely cheap at two rupees.

Let us go up the tower. Its only other occupants are the paid watchers looking for clouds to rise from the bay to southward. We watch too, gradually falling into a lazy dream in the sunshine, staring over flat Bengal. And the clamor from below comes up to us a confused murmur of voices—the heavy refrain of the terrible gambling melody, a melody made of the tearing sound of falling money—of straining eyes, and grinning lips drawn back—of corded veins and rigid muscles—of trickling drops of sweat on tense brown faces—of men absorbed and drunk—a song of the mad joy of winning, the wild exhilaration over money, well-loved money, won without toil, its bitter wages won by no strain of lazy limb and sleepy head. Yes, there is that swirl in the lilt of it. And the curses, the despair, growing, growing blackness of loss, that can ill be borne by minds unbalanced; the sense of wrong, the mastering angry envy that another man should win while we lose; the grinding, crushing emptiness, the blank and dread to-morrow. This, too, the sharp voice of loss. Strophe and antistrophe they call against each other in that devil's chorus.

But the watcher says something and waves a signal. The noise below redoubles, and we forget to dream any more. Up comes a cloud rapidly, menacingly. Threes, twos, level money. The crowd surges, and half the sky is covered; the wind sighs a little. Two to one the tank runs. Ten to one. How the odds alter! The first drops come down like blood, as it were. The biggest, ugliest, richest marwari offers one thousand to one the tank runs. Once a poor coolie won his ease for ever by taking odds like this for his month's pay; but now none answers. The place is getting curiously silent. Splash! Splash! One thousand to one! Another minute will do it!

The wind veers; the cloud rolls aside to break elsewhere. Immortal gods! one thousand to one. It makes even hardened gamblers take a little breath.

The tank is quickly dried. It was within the merest ace of overflowing. Away out of this, all sensible people; for this kind is a very potent devil, that takes little men by the neck and shakes them ratwise till their little individualities drop out like false teeth.

DRINKS ALL ROUNDS.—Joe Harris was a whole-souled merry fellow, and very fond of his glass. After living in New Orleans for many years he came to the conclusion of visiting an old uncle in Massachusetts, whom he had not seen for many years.

Now there is a difference between New Orleans and Massachusetts, in regard to the use of ardent spirits; and when Joe arrived there and found all the people temperate, he felt bad, thinking with the old song that "keeping the spirits up by pouring spirits down" was one of the best ways to make time pass, and began to feel that he was in a pickle.

But on the morning after his arrival in town, the old man and his sons being out to work, his aunt came to him, and said, "Joe, you have lived in the south, and no doubt are in the habit of taking a little something to drink about eleven o'clock. Now I keep some here for medicinal purposes; but let no one know it, as my husband wants to set the boys a good example."—Joe promised, and thinking he would get no more that day, took, as he expressed it, "a buster."

After that, he walked out to the stable, and who should he meet but his uncle. "Well," says he, "I expect you are used to drink something in New Orleans, but you find us all temperance here, and for the sake of my sons I don't let them know that I have any brandy about; but I just keep a little out here for my rheumatism. *Will you accept a little?*" *Joe signified* his readiness, and took another big horn.

Then continuing his walk, he came to where the boys were building a fence. After conversing a while, one of his cousins said, "Joe, I expect you would like to have a drink; and as the folks are down on liquor, we keep some out here to help us on with our work."

Out came the bottle, and down they sat, and he says by the time he went home to dinner he was as tight as he could well be, and all from visiting a temperance family.

SOCIAL AMENITIES.—A Nashville paper gives the following sample of social amenities in that locality: "A Nashville youth asked his sweetness to go out to some entertainment with him, but she declined, on the ground that her shoes were out of repair, whereupon the young man offered to have them mended if she would send them round the next day. A lady friend, who overheard the conversation, secured a well-worn pair of brogans belonging to her colored cook, and had them conveyed to the enamored young man early the nex morning. The latter was astounded, as he had been under the impression that his Dulcinea was the possessor of the neatest foot in Nashville (or a pair of them for that matter) but, bravely concealing his feelings of bitter disappointment, he took them to the nearest shoemaker, and left them with a request that they should be mended at once. After the shoes had been repaired, the young fellow escorted them to the home of the dear one of his heart, expecting to be overwhelmed with thanks. On the contrary, half an hour of glib talking on his part was required in order to convince the young lady that he had no intention of insulting her."

THE most knowing man, in the course of the longest life, will always have much to learn, and the wisest and best much to improve.


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TOUPEE WIG

1223 CHESTNUT ST Philadelphia, Premier Artiste IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

| TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES. | FOR WIGS. INCHES. |
|---|---|
| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. The round of the head. |
| No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald. | No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2. |
| No. 3. Over forehead as far as required. | No. 3. From ear to ear over the top. |
| No. 4. Over the crown of the head. | No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead. |

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years. And its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in connection with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Corter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Corter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON CORTER,
Oak Lodge Theatre,
Nov., 29, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

FAIRMOUNT PARK EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years, with great advantage. My hair, from its early infancy, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To Mrs. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

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1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING

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after eating a hearty meal, and the result is a chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or Bilious attack.

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Promote Digestion, Regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Purify the Blood and are a Positive Cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and all other Diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver and Stomach. They act gently yet promptly, and perfect digestion follows their use.

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to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. SCIENTIFIC PAPERS ON POPULAR INVENTIONS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that

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such as Dr. Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," Corset Pin, Pins in Cloves, Ice Breaker, etc.

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## Humorous.

"I must now bid you adieu,"
Said Frost the other night,
"Twixt clear and running water
And when it's frozen tight?"
"I can," his wife made answer,
"Tell you in a trice:
The one's a flow of water,
The other a flow of ice."
—U. N. Sense.

Swallows in the air—An open mouth.

A firm friend—An obstinate Quaker.

The nicest thing in boots—A pretty foot.

What class of tradesmen succeed best by going to the wall?—Paper hangers.

A local dealer advertises "A new stock of walking sticks for gentlemen with carved wooden heads."

One piece of ice is called an icicle, but it would not be correct to call two pieces of ice a tricycle, or three pieces a tricycle.

"Revenge," said Tommy, after a whipping, as he entered the store-room and consumed several pots of his mother's best company jam, "is sweet!"

Robinson: "Well, old chap, how did you sleep last night?"

Smith, who had dined out: "Like a top. As soon as my head touched the pillow it went round and round."

"Just one more, Katie!" pleaded the young athlete. "Let me alone!" said Katie, pushing him away. "I don't see why they can't put a half back. You are not half as backward as you ought to be, sir."

Mrs. Mixer, being called into court as a witness, got vexed at the lawyer, and declared: "If you don't stop asking questions I'll leave," and then added: "You're the most inquisitive man I ever saw in all the days of my life."

Hungry Higgins: "Don't you wish you was rich enough to wear diamonds?"

Weary Watkins: "Can't say that I do. If you wear diamonds you got to wear good clothes, and if you wear good clothes you got to keep shaved up and washed."

Herr Baron: "Heinrich, my cigar boxes have emptied themselves with uncommon rapidity during the last month. Is it possible that during the short period you have been in my service——"

Heinrich: "No fear. I have still in my possession three boxes of my late employer's."

"Well, the cook's gone at last, John," said Mrs. B.

"Good! You must have had more courage than I gave you credit for to discharge her."

"I didn't do it. She discharged herself. I flattered her so about her cooking that she thought she was too good to stay in the country, and off she went."

An Irish servant does not know her age. She has lived with one family eleven years, and has always been twenty-eight. But not long ago she read in the newspaper of an old woman who had died at the age of a hundred and six. "Maybe I'm as cold as that meself," said she. "Indade, I can't remember the time when I wasn't alive."

Brown to Jones, who has produced the great drama: "Well, old man, how did your piece go?"

Jones: "First-class. The play is all right. I know several men who were present every night and who sat through the whole show."

Brown: "Is that so? Who were they?"

Jones: "The musicians."

Brown treats.

House hunter, to agent's clerk: "But this house faces due north. Mr. Smart told me it had a southern exposure."

Clerk: "Did he? Well, I am sure he thought he was telling the truth. He's not the man to deceive anybody. You see, he is a patriot—that's what he is. He knows no north and no south, and between you and me, I suspect he is a trifle shaky on east and west."

Whimby: "What do the detectives do when a mysterious murder has been committed?"

Bimby: "They jump at a conclusion, and then try to make testimony to support it, and they remind me of a man I once knew that thought he was a sleeper. Instead of making barrels and lasting hoopholes in them, he was always boring hoopholes and trying to build barrels around them."

Hotelkeeper: "I wish you might give me some idea for a taking advertisement of my hotel."

Advertising agent: "Have you no mosquitoes?"

Hotelkeeper: "Well, of course we have one or two."

Advertising agent: "Then advertise that fact. You might say that at the outside limit you have only two mosquitoes, and that guests desiring to use them must apply two months in advance."

The wife of a wealthy manufacturer had occasion to call in the help of a new floor polisher.

"Do you understand your business thoroughly?" she inquired.

"All I ask, madam, is that you inquire for yourself at the cabinet's next door on the purported floor of the large drawing room above. For to-morrow looks forth into during the last winter, and a lady slipped down the grand staircase. It was I who polish'd the floor and the stairs."

A PHYSICIAN'S RUSE.—Of the eminent physicians of England during the early part of the last century, not one was more justly celebrated than Dr. Sydenham. Of the anecdotes of his medical experience, related by himself, the following is worth telling: For a long time the doctor had been consulted by a gentleman of wealth and leisure who was persistent in his demands for medical help, who took all the medicines prescribed, but who did not appear to improve. At length Dr. Sydenham said to him: "Sir, I have done all I can do. If you would be thoroughly cured you must consult Doctor Robinson, at Inverness, in Scotland. He is exceedingly clever in such diseases as yours; and if I give you a letter to you, I can assure you he will give you relief." It was a long journey from London away to the extreme north of Scotland, but the patient had plenty of leisure; he had money enough, he had good horses and carriages, and, above all, he was anxious to be cured. So away he went. But, arrived at Inverness, after a laborious jaunt of full three weeks, he searched for Dr. Robinson in vain. He could find no such doctor. And, what was more, he was credibly informed that such a doctor had never lived there. The patient bottled up his wrath, and had his horses harnessed, and their heads turned homeward; and the distance which had occupied him three weeks in going, he covered in ten days on his return; and, upon reaching London, he made at once for the house of Dr. Sydenham, upon whom he burst like a whirlwind. "Ha! Sir George; I am glad to see you, and to see you looking so well." "But no thanks to you, you graceless rascal! Why did you so deceive me?" "Deceive you, Sir George?" "Yes. You told me I should find Doctor Robinson, and you knew there was no such man there. Now what is your excuse? What your explanation?" "Sir George, answer me. Are you not better now than you have been before for years? In short, are you not entirely recovered from that old malady?" The baronet thought a little, and was forced to confess that such was the case. "That, sir, is my excuse; that my explanation," returned the physician frankly. "I knew that a journey into the Highlands of Scotland would cure you; and I took the only means in my power to send you off. Had I told you the truth you would not have gone; but to see Doctor Robinson you were willing to venture. So, Sir George, let us bless Doc or Robinson." And Sir George surrendered.


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Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after June 28, 1896.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express { daily 9.00 a m
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Sleeping Cars.

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.40 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.40 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train) 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.15, 11.14 a m, 12.37 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 9.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. (Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.40 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 11.00 a m, 1.42, 4.45, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.40 p m. Accom., 7.40, 11.45 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Reading, Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.40 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.45, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.40 p m. Accom., 7.40 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.45 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.40 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.40 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.40 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m. (Saturdays only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 5.15, 4.00, 4, 0, 5.00, 5.40 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays—8.00 a m, $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.15 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City depot: week-days, express, (Mondays only, 6 15) 7.05, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.30 p m. Accommodation, 5.25, 8.00 a m, 1.02 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 5.15 p m. Parlor cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 9.15 a m (Saturdays only, 2.00, 4.15, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.15 a m.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 1.15 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 1.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, S. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 841 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 868 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen'l Manager. H. A. HANCOCK, General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.


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